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### AMERICAN AUTHORS.

NO. I.

#### WASHINGTON IRVING.

As an introduction to a general notice of the works of this distinguished writer, we present our readers with a short memoir of his life.

Washington Irving was born in New York, in 1782; and was the youngest son of a Scottish merchant, one of that energetic and influential class of men, who shared with the enterprising New Englanders and the original Hollandic settlers, the lucrative trade of that flourishing emporium. Nurtured by his father, and the rest of the family with that extreme tenderness which generally attaches to the youngest member of the household, our author early discovered those traits of amiable feeling and of humour which have characterized him in after life.

The loss of his father at this early period, cast a shade of melancholy over his disposition, which endeared him the more to his mother and elder brothers, to whose care he was committed, and increased their solicitude to supply the loss he had sustained, by affording him every facility for the development of mental powers, which he evidently possessed in an eminent degree. His brothers were men of cultivated minds, and superintended, with judgment and care, the youthful exercises of our author in composition, and early taught him the formation of style upon just and proper models.

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At the age of seventeen he published his first articles in the "Morning Chronicle," a paper conducted by his brother, Dr. P. Irving. These were essays, entitled the "Letters of Jonathan Old Style;" and display, in opening beauty, some of the peculiarities of the matured author in his subsequent works.

Having, at length, entered Columbia College, he was distinguished by close application to study, and rapid advancement in the several branches to which he directed his attention. This, however, did not prevent the young student from indulging his propensity for humour and sport, by joining his fellow-collegians in many a scheme of gaiety and innocent mischief.

Having commenced the study of the law, a profession for which his innate modesty and timidity disqualified him, he applied himself with an intensesness little suited to a constitution somewhat delicate, until his diminished vigour admonished him to desist.

With the view, therefore, of restoring his health, and of gratifying the natural and laudable desire of visiting foreign countries, he embarked, in 1805, for the continent of Europe, and landed on the coast of Sicily, near the city of Agrigentum. After musing over the ruins of the once powerful city of Dædalus, and enjoying the fine atmosphere and picturesque scenery of Calabria, he proceeded to the city of Palermo: thence crossing over into Italy, he visited whatever was calculated to attract the attention of the scholar or antiquarian, in that interesting country; and after making the tour of Switzerland, the Netherlands and England, returned home after an absence of two years, his health perfectly restored, and his mind enriched by the literary treasures which he had accumulated.

Resuming the study of the law on his return, he persevered until he had completed the legal course of reading, and was licensed to practise; but his diffidence shrunk from encountering the ordeal of forensic life; and he abandoned the profession for the more appropriate and congenial sphere of an author.

Shortly after his return from Europe, in 1807, Mr. Irving, in connection with Paulding, Verplanck, and others commenced *Salmagundi*, a witty yet good-humoured satire upon the prevailing follies of the day, which was eminently popular, at the time of its publication. As all satire of this kind is necessarily restricted to time and place, and loses much of its delicate shades of humour, to those unacquainted with all the minute circumstances that elicited its points, Salma-

gundi has lost much of its "Attic salt;" but the graphic delineations of character, and the raciness of its wit, even at this late day do not detract from the reputation of those who have since taken, in our literature, a stand so elevated. The principal papers in this amusing publication were contributed by Mr. Irving, and were composed in hours abstracted from more severe study. We can readily imagine with what pleasure he seized his pen, throwing aside Blackstone, and the dull and cumbrous tomes over which he had been pondering; and his feelings, like a stream overleaping its barriers, poured themselves forth, irrepressibly, in the full current of mirth and humour.

Three years after, the publication of *Salmagundi* was commenced, the reputation of Mr. Irving was greatly enhanced by the appearance of Knickerbocker's History of New York. The singularity of the houses of the first settlers among more recent and tasteful edifices, and the grotesque appearance and antiquated manners that marked some of the descendants of the worthies of the *ancien régime*, it is probable, had often presented themselves to Mr. Irving as fit subjects for the display of his humourous and satirical powers; but the idea of a burlesque history appears to have been suggested by the formation of a State Historical Society, and the announcement of one of its members, that he was about to compile a history of New York.

Ingenious advertisements prepared the public mind for the reception of a veritable history, and many commenced the volumes of Deidrich under that impression. The solemn introduction of the work was calculated, at first, to give it an air of veracity, and this temporary illusion heightened the effect when the verisimilitude began to wear off; and the reader surprised and delighted ranged through every variety of humour, from the grave ironical, to the piquant caustic—the delicate witty and the broad ludicrous. The style of the Knickerbocker is of the purest English, and is more free, natural and forcible than any of his prior or subsequent writings.

Although his literary efforts had now met with distinguished success, he abandoned the patronage of Minerva for that of Mercury, and was admitted into a commercial connection with his brothers. The operations of the establishment being interrupted by the war with Great Britain, Mr. Irving tendered his services to the Governor of New York, who was preparing to meet an expected attack upon the city, and was received into his staff as one of his aids. In this situation his services were important, both in the city and the interior.

After the war he resumed, his mercantile relations and as foreign agent of the house went, in 1815, to reside in Birmingham. The depreciation of property of every kind, and especially of imported merchandize, that followed after the war, convulsed the mercantile community, and the house with which Mr. Irving was connected, sharing in the general embarrassment, he was thrown again upon his own mental resources, and commenced, anew, his literary career.

During his sojourn in England, he had visited with the enthusiasm of genius many of the most interesting scenes of the events in English history, and had studied the scenery of the most pleasant parts of England and Wales with the eye of a master. Descriptions of these, and reflections upon them, rural and cottage scenes of English life, together with sketches of his own country, tales of pathos and humour, with sentimental essays, he determined to embody in two volumes, entitled "The Sketch Book," and publish simultaneously in England and America. It was a work calculated to please both countries. Trans-atlantic scenes, historical recollections, and graphic delineations of men and places, rendered the Sketch Book interesting to Americans; while the English, in their turn, were attracted by the pleasant sketches of America, and admired an author, who, without abating his own national feelings, seemed to glory in the just pride of the land of his fore-fathers, and had visited, with the enthusiasm of a pilgrim, the residence and resting spot of some of those immortalized in English literature. Former prejudices that had existed against American literary productions, vanished on the appearance of the Sketch Book, and its author was hailed with enthusiasm, by the learned and aristocratic classes of English society. The style of the Sketch Book is more ornate and elaborate than any of his other productions; but the *labor limæ* is apparent, and in the endeavour to give it faultless elegance, he has, in some instances, detracted from its dignity, and rendered it tame and spiritless.

During the four years, succeeding the publication of the sketch book, he gave two other works to the public, Bracebridge Hall and the Tales of a Traveller, which, although they did not create the same sensation, as The Knickerbocker and Sketch Book, were nevertheless, well received, and contained many fine delineations of character, and descriptions of beautiful and picturesque scenery.

The next essay of our author was in a field entirely different, that of historical literature, and was made at the instance of Alexander Everett, Esq. That distinguished diplomatist and

scholar, while minister plenipotentiary of the United States, at the court of Madrid in 1825, suggested to him, the translation of a work, then in press, by Don Martin Fernandez de Navarette, containing a collection of documents relative to the voyages of Columbus, many of which were recently discovered and highly important. Mr. Irving, however, under the impression that a connected narrative would be of more interest, than disjointed papers and official documents, determined, instead of translating the work of Fernandez, to prepare an original history of the life and voyages of the great mariner.

Enjoying every possible facility for the production of the work, in having access to the Royal Library and that of the College of San Isidoro, the work of Don Martin, and the archives of the family of Columbus, through his descendant, the Duke de Veraguas, he was enabled, from ample information, to indite a most interesting and original narrative, and exhibit the virtues and talents of the illustrious Genoese in a most noble and commanding attitude. He had been described by others merely as the bold and adventurous voyager; but the page of Irving exhibits Columbus in other points of view, equally interesting—as the penetrating man of science—the sagacious theorist—the magnanimous hero—the zealous Christian—the patient and humble martyr.

The style of the life of Columbus is chaste, manly, and forcible, and displays the versatility of the talents of the author in a favourable manner. This work was succeeded, in the following year, 1828, by the Conquest of Granada. In procuring materials for his former work out of the Spanish histories of the times, he necessarily became acquainted with every thing in relation to the conquest of Granada; for, it will be recollect that, it was during the ten years' war, which eventuated in the subjugation of that country, Columbus pressed, from time to time, the subject of a voyage of discovery upon the attention of the sovereigns of Castile and Arragon; and, that, the war was the occasion of its being delayed so long.

Assuming the mask of fictitious authorship, as in the case of the History of New York, he gives the conquest of Granada, as a chronicle by Fray Antonio Agapida, and, while thus escaping the learned and philosophical disquisitions that are expected in modern histories, heen ables Father Antonio to tinge the romantic details of that interesting event with all the poetic and golden influence of the times.

Camps and courts, haughty nobles and proud ecclesiastics, valorous knights and courtly dames, banqueting and battles

sieges and frays, the chivalry of the Christians, and resistance of the Moors—the triumphs of the former—the discomfiture, sorrows, and sufferings of the latter—their captivity and exile from the paradisial climes of their beautiful country, are calculated to exhibit whatever is graphic in description, stirring in incident or pathetic in sentiment. While the narrative of the events is necessarily interesting, the execution of the work, although creditable, is not equal to that of the life of Columbus. There is often a sameness in the sketches of successive sieges and engagements, and a want of becoming vigour in the style. But, whatever of increased poetic interest he may have thrown around these volumes, by giving them, in appearance, to the chronicler of the times, he has, at once, in doing so, detracted from the dignity of the the work as a *history*; and rather tacitly admitted himself unequal to the task that was imposed upon him as a modern historian.

Connected with the two former works in historic interest, succeeded in 1831 and 1832, the Adventures of the Companions of Columbus, and the Alhambra. The former is written with spirit, and supplies a vacancy in the historical library; and the latter furnishes a collection of tales illustrative of scenes in the Moorish and Spanish annals, written in an agreeable and polished style.

In 1835, appeared his Tour on the Prairies, after an excursion to the wilds of the West, for the purpose of witnessing the grand features of nature in that picturesque region, and of studying the unsophisticated character of the aborigines when remote from civilization and intact by its customs. The same year were published Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, and a Legend of the Conquest of Spain.

In 1836, Astoria was published, being a description of the settlement of that name at the mouth of the Columbia river, and the surrounding trans-montane regions, in all their freshness and wild natural beauty.

The Rocky Mountains produced in 1837, completes the list of our author's publications. These two last works, together with his Tour on the Prairies, besides the delineations of scenery, contain many sketches and legends, exhibiting the strong peculiarities of the untutored men of the forest, in an interesting light, and show that the author of Philip of Pokanoket fully comprehends and appreciates the true character, moral and intellectual, of that much injured and devoted race.

In conclusion, it may be observed, that Mr. Irving is, both at home and abroad, more popular than any other American author—that is more extensively and favourably known; but

while we admit this, with feelings of pride and gratitude to him who first elevated here, and vindicated in Europe, our literary character, justice compels us to own, that much of the reputation which he enjoys is adventitious, and belongs to the pioneer in letters, and the foreign courtier, as well as the author.

In an age of heavy pamphlets and grave essays, *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker's History* were produced; and their bright flashes of wit and good humour, in striking contrast with surrounding dullness, at once surprised, and electrified with delight. It is not wonderful, therefore, that these publications were received by his countrymen with unexampled demonstrations of satisfaction. And, travelling through Europe, not like some with feelings biased by unnatural prejudices, but with a heart in good humour with itself and all the world, prepared to enjoy whatever of beauty or interest presented themselves to view; and a cultivated mind to record his honest impressions on beholding them, it is not strange, that his encomiums upon whatever was valuable for its utility in public institutions or private life; whatever was august in dignity or attractive in grace; whatever was hallowed in history or venerable for worth and antiquity, should, in flattering their pride, render them sensibly alive to the merits of his works and enhance their manifest beauties. What English heart did not beat high with enthusiasm, on reading *Stratford on Avon*, the *Boar's Head Tavern*, and *Westminster Abbey*; and warm with feelings of the liveliest esteem towards the author of the sketches of their great men, the delineator of their national peculiarities, and the literary limner of their baronial seats and picturesque scenery.

It will, therefore, be perceived that by the term *foreign courtier* I intend nothing derogatory to the honour of Mr. Irving, as a man or a writer; but that while I attribute his foreign reputation, in some degree, to the views he has taken of foreign countries, their aspects, manners, customs, and inhabitants, I regard it as a proof of the liberal and generous spirit becoming a great man, that, warmly attached to his own country, he possesses at the same time a mind sensible to worth and beauty where ever it is beheld.

With a mind improved by years of study and travel, and his powers in full vigour, many works may yet be expected from him; and we hope to see him hereafter engaged in the fields of history, reaping that well-earned and enduring fame which is alike consistent with his matured years, and the reputation which he has already won.

## THE DOVE.

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A DOVE MOURNING AMID THE RUINS OF A DECAYED CHURCH.

The fields have faded, the groves look dead,  
The summer is gone, its beauty has fled;  
And there breathes a low and plaintive sound  
From each stream and solemn wood around.  
In unison with their tone my breast,  
With a spirit of kindred gloom, is oppress'd;  
And the sighs burst forth, as I gaze the while,  
On the crumbling stone of the reverend pile,  
And list to the sounds of the moaning wind  
As it stirs the old ivy-boughs entwined,  
Sighs mournful along through chancel and nave,  
And shakes the loose pannel and architrave,  
While the mouldering branches and withered leaves  
Are rustling around the moss-grown eaves.

But sadder than these, thou emblem of love,  
Thy moanings fall, disconsolate dove,  
In the solemn eve, on my pensive ear,  
As the wailing sounds of a requiem drear,  
As coming from crumbling altar stone,  
They are borne on the winds, in a dirge-like tone—  
Like the plaintive voice of the broken-hearted,  
O'er hopes betrayed and joys departed.

Why dost thou pour thy sad complaint  
On the evening winds from a bosom faint?  
As if thou hadst come from the shoreless main  
Of a world submerged, to the ark again,  
With a weary heart to lament and brood  
O'er the wide and voiceless solitude.

Dost thou mourn that the gray and mouldering door  
Swings back to the reverent crowd no more?—  
That the tall and waving grass defiles  
The well-worn flags of the crowdless aisles—  
That the wild fox barks and the owl screams  
Where the organ and choir pealed out their themes.

Dost thou mourn that, from sacred desk, the word  
Of life and truth is no longer heard?  
That the gentle shepherd who pasture bore  
To his flock has gone to return no more?  
Dost thou mourn for the hoary-headed sage,  
Who has sunk to the grave with the weight of age—  
For the vanquished pride of manhood's bloom—  
For the light of youth quenched in the tomb—  
For the bridegroom's fall—for the bride's decay—  
That pastor and people have passed away;  
And the tears of night their graves bedew  
By the funeral cypress and solemn yew.

Or dost thou mourn that the house of God  
Has ceased to be a divine abode,—  
That the Holy Spirit, which erst did brood  
O'er the son of man by the Jordan's flood,  
In thine own pure form, to the eye of sense,  
From its resting place, has departed hence;  
And twitters the swallow, and wheels the bat  
O'er the mercy-seat, where its presence sat.

I have marked thy trembling breast, and heard,  
With a heart responsive, thy tones, sweet bird,  
And have mourned, like thee, of earth's fairest things,  
The blight and the loss—Oh! had I thy wings  
From a world of woe, to the realms of the blest,  
I would flee away, and would be at rest.

N. C. B.

Baltimore, Md.

## THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA,

COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE EASTERN CONTINENT.

BY C. S. RAPINESQUE,

*Professor of Historical and Natural Sciences, &c.*

The massive ruins the arts and skill unfold  
Of busy workers, and their styles reveal,  
The objects and designs of such devisers:  
In silent voices they speak to thinking minds  
They teach, who were the human throngs that left  
Uplifted marks for witness of past ages.

THE feelings that lead some men to investigate 'remains of antiquity and search into their origin, dates and purposes, are similar to those actuating lofty minds, when not satisfied with the surface of things, they inquire into the source and origin of every thing accessible to human ken, and scrutinize or analize every tangible object. Such feelings lead us to trace events and principles, to ascend rivers to their sources, to climb the rugged sides of mountains and reach their lofty summits, to plough the waves and dive into the sea, or even soar into the air, to scan and measure the heavenly bodies, and at last to lift our eyes and souls to the *Supreme Being*, the source of all.—Applied to mankind the same feelings invite us to seek for the origin of arts and sciences, the steps of civilization on earth, the rise of nations, states and empires, tracing their cradles, dispersions and migrations by the dim records of traditional tales, or the more certain monumental evidence of human structures.

This last evidence is but a branch of the archeological science, embracing besides the study of documents, records, medals, coins, inscriptions, implements, &c., buried in the earth or hidden in recesses: while the ruins of cities, palaces and temples, altars and graves, pyramids and towers, walls and roads, sculptures and idols—reveal to our inquiries not only the existence of their devisers and framers at their locations, but give us a view of their civilization, religions, manners and abilities.

If the annals of the Greeks and Romans had been lost, as have been those of Egypt, of Assyria and many other early

empires, we should still have in the ruins and monuments of Italy and Greece, complete evidence of the existence of those nations, their location, power and skill; nay, even of the extent of their dominion by their colonial monuments, scattered from Syria to Spain, from Lybia to Britain. If the British annals should ever be lost hereafter by neglect or revolutions, the ruins of dwellings, churches, monuments, &c., built in the British style, will reveal the existence or preserve the memory of the wide extent of British power by colonies sent from North America to Guyana, from Hindoostan to Ceylon, South Africa and Australia.

And thus it is in both Americas where many nations and empires have dwelt and passed away, risen and fallen by turns, leaving few or no records, except the traces of their existence, and widely spread colonies by the ruins of their cities and monuments, standing yet as silent witnesses of past dominion and great power. It is only of late that they have begun to deserve the attention of learned men and historians—what had been stated by Ullea, Humboldt, Juarns, Delrio, &c., of some of them, chiefly found in the Spanish part of America, as well as the scattered accounts of the many fragments found in North America, from the lakes of Canada to Louisiana, although confined to a few places or widely remote localities, have begun to excite the curiosity of all inquiring men, and are soon likely to deserve as much interest as the famed ruins of Palmyra and Thebes, Babylon and Persepolis; when the future historians of America shall make known the wonderful and astonishing results that they have suggested, or will soon unfold, particularly when accurately surveyed and explored, drawn and engraved. Instead of being hidden and veiled, or hardly noticed by the detractors of the Americans, the false historians of the school of Depau and Robertson, who have perverted or omitted the most striking features of American history.

The most erroneous conceptions prevail as yet concerning them, and the most rude or absurd ideas are entertained in our country of their objects and nature. As in modern Greece, every ruin is now a *Palew-castro* or old castle for the vulgar peasant or herdsman, thus all our ruins of the West are *Indian forts* for the settlers of the Western states; and every traveller gazing at random at a few, exclaims that *nothing is known about them, nor their builders*. The more refined writers can be very sentimental on their veiled origin, but scarcely any one takes the trouble to compare them with others elsewhere, in or out of America, which would be, however, the only means to attain the object they seem de-

sirous of, or to unravel their historical riddle. Some writers speak of them as if they were only a few mounds and graves, scarcely worthy of notice; yet they are such mounds as are found yet in the Trojan plains, sung by Homer, dating at least three thousand years ago, and even by many deemed earlier than the Trojan war, and still existing to this day to baffle our inquiries: while similar monuments existing by thousands in the plains of Scythia and Tartary, Persia and Arabia, as well as the forests and prairies of North America, evince a striking connexion of purpose and skill by remote ancient nations of both hemispheres.

But our monuments do not merely consist in such mounds or tumuli, since we find besides in North America, ruins of cities, some of which were walled with earth or even stones, real forts or citadels, temples and altars of all shapes, but chiefly circular, square or polygonal, some elliptical, hexagonal, octagonal, &c., quite regularly pointing to the cardinal points. We have also traces of buildings, foundations, roads, avenues, causeways, canals, bridges dromes, or race-courses, pillars and pyramids, wells, pits, arenas, &c. And of these not a few, but hundreds of them, many of which are unsurveyed and undescribed as yet. These, it must be recollectcd, are all north of Mexico, or the region of the more perfect monuments of Mexican and Central America, although often in the same style. There, as in South America, structures are met of the most elaborate workmanship, of cut and carved stones, with hard cement, vaulted arches, fine sculptures and even inscriptions. The materials of our Northern monuments are often ruder, chiefly of earth, clay, gravel, small stones, or even *shells* near the sea-shores, sometimes of *pizá* or beaten and rammed clay, (as in Peru,) unbaked bricks and rough stones. These facts may confirm the Mexican traditions, stating that the nation of Anahuac (now Mexico) once dwelt further north, in our fruitful Western plains, where wood abounded and stones were scarce, wherefore they built their cities and temples of wood, raising altars, platforms, walls and entrenchments of earth or clay.

The dreams and false hypothesis upon America that have amused the learned for ages, in attempting to account for the origin of the Americans and their monuments, have generally neglected to compare them with the monuments and languages of all the other nations scattered over the whole earth, or else only taking a partial view of them, comparing a few fragments of two or three nations or regions, a few words of a centesimal part of the actual languages, the

writers or historians have fallen into egregious mistakes; more fond of systematic errors than hidden truth, they have indulged, without due consideration, in mere dreams or systems, based on a few facts, that are overruled by hundreds of other facts, unknown to them, or neglected when known. It would be useless and tedious to refute again such false systems, that have been refuted and upset by each other. It may, however, be needful, perhaps, to mention three of the most absurd, in order to warn against them, or show their improbability and impossibility. They may be called for distinction-sake, the *Jewish* system, the *Mongolic* system, and the *American* system.

Among these the first named is one of the oldest, and, at the same time, has yet a powerful hold upon many minds; it ascribes the whole American population with one hundred languages and one thousand dialects, myriads of ruins and monuments, to the Jews! either of the ten dispersed tribes, who were not Israelites, or of Solomon's time and voyages, while the Jews only began to exist as such after his death—or of patriarchal times antecedent to their existence, when they were only OBRIM, whom we miscall *Hebrews*, or going still further back to the times of Noah and Peleg, when not even the Obrim had any existence. It has been proved that the American nations did not possess the use of the plough, iron, alphabets, or week of seven days, which no Jewish nor Hebrew descendants could have forgotten. The American languages have as much, or more affinities with the Sancrit, Greek, Latin, Celtic, Persian, Berber, Turkish, &c., languages, than with the old and modern Hebrew and Arabic. The Jews or IEUDI, who only began two thousand four hundred years ago were not navigators; therefore it is evident that they cannot have come to America and produced here the two thousand nations and tribes of this vast continent: nay, not even a single one of them perhaps.

The Mongolick opinion, lately revived by Ranking, is the most extravagant of all, since it ventures to assert seriously, and derive all these nations and languages from late colonies of Mongols within less than one thousand years ago, who came to America over the ice, bringing with them tame elephants for sport, that are since become the fossil elephants and mammoths buried in our diluvial or alluvial soil—to state these absurdities is a sufficient refutation, every man of any reading and scientific knowledge will perceive the impossibility.

Galindo and Josiah Priest have quite lately revived also the opinion of some dreaming philosophers who had asserted that

America was the *cradle of mankind* or one of them, instead of Central Asia. Galindo allows, however, the Caucasian race of men to be distinct; but he says—"The human race of America I must assert to be the most ancient on the globe,"\* and he goes on to state that to the primæval civilization of America must be assigned a great and indefinite antiquity, leaving, however, no palpable monuments; but sending colonies to civilize China and Japan! Is not this preposterous? Where are the proofs either from traditions, languages, monuments or other sources?

Meantime Josiah Priest, in his compilation on American antiquities, has boldly asserted that Noah's ark rested in America, (whereabout?) and that he had three sons, one white, one red and one black! (what was the colour of their wives?) from whom are descended the three races of mankind, who colonized the whole earth, leaving, however, neither white nor black in America. The glaring incongruity of these bold assertions, or of the indefinite origin of Galindo are equally palpable; but nevertheless it is not improbable that they will find now and hereafter other advocates, since the absurd Jewish origin of all the Americans has still many believers, and even Ranking has perhaps some supporters.

To admit that America was the only cradle of mankind, is based on no evidence whatever, either historical or philological or monumental: while on the contrary all the monuments and records of the eastern continent trace this cradle to Central Asia. To suppose that America was one of the human cradles, is certainly worthy of inquiry; but such a cradle must be sought for and located somewhere, and neither the volcanic mountains, nor swampy plains of South America, nor the frigid waters of North America, appear calculated to offer it. Others have been thought of in Africa and Australia; but seldom in the spirit of seeking truth, rather in that of supporting some favorite doctrine. Such speculations ought at least to be based on better foundations than mere assertions, evident philological proofs are required before they can be listened to, and no total and complete diversity of mankind in every aspect has been found anywhere to support the theory of a plurality of human species and Creoles. Europe and Africa have been repeatedly invaded by migrations from Asia. In America such migrations can be traced north and east by the Atlantic ocean, or northwest from Berhring's strait, while we have not the

\* Letter to Col. Winthrop, in 2d vol. Archeologia Americana.

faintest indication of invasions of Asia from America. The only traditional account of the invasion of Europe and North Africa by the *Atlantes* (probably Americans, for the great *Atlantis* was this continent) is involved in doubt, and besides these very Atlantes were deemed Neptunian colonies: although it must be confessed that in almost every instance the colonists to America appear to have found previous inhabitants, who must have been still earlier and remote colonies, if they were not indigenous. But the sea-shores of North America from Labrador to Carolina were desert at a very late period comparatively, when the Western tribes came there.

The actual purpose does not extend to all the details of these deep inquiries, but is chiefly confined to ascertain and prove the similarity of the oldest primitive monuments of both hemispheres, and whereby a connection of coeval and similar civilization is evinced in the earliest times before the records of history. This evidence, which may be called *monumental*, dives into the gloom of past ages, and hence descends to ours, reaching our understanding by gradual links: while the *philological* evidence of spoken modern languages, fragments or children of older primitive languages, ascends by their means to equal antiquity; both combining, therefore, to complete the history of mankind, where annals and traditions cease to lead us or are quite obscure: these combined bring more certainty to the scrutinising mind than to the mere physical features of men, and their complexions, so fluctuating and mingled. But neither of them solve the question of the actual original Cradle or Cradles of mankind. If indeed monuments and languages of various parts of the earth were quite different, and the features or colours of men likewise distinct there, we might suppose there could have been several species and cradles of men: but it is not so, features and languages are so variable and mingling in our own times and so diversified every where, as to baffle and preclude complete insulation. Monuments are also after all so much alike in many remote parts, that although divisible into styles of various ages and stages of improvement, they do evince a great similarity in coeval ages or stages of civilization.

To prove this great fact and the important results, might be the subject of a large work, and we have heard that Mr. Warden has been engaged in Paris in something of this kind. His work has not yet reached us; but whenever it will be completed, it shall be only one step towards the elucidation of this deep theme. Many facts are yearly evolved in America, new researches undertaken and discoveries made: while in Africa, Lybia, Arabia, Persia, India and even the Oceanic

world of Australia and Polynesia, similar discoveries are progressing and new facts made known, that will unfold many new and unexpected analogies with American inquiries. Of the early Monuments of China, Tartary and Thibet, we know little or nothing, and in the very heart of Asia, the real Cradle of Arts and Sciences, if not mankind itself, our learned travellers have not yet penetrated, and the most interesting region of the globe is thus almost unknown to us. This subject is therefore in a progressive state of enquiries, and future ages will yet add thereto: although a number of Ruins and Monuments crumble or disappear under the plough or the leveling energy of men, little respecting these structures of antiquity, enough of unexplored sites will be discovered and surveyed: some of our rudest monuments appear indestructible, the lofty mounds of earth have withstood like the heavy pyramids of Egypt, the lapse of countless ages, some even appear new covered with a dress of new soil, or even diluvial coat, as if they were antediluvian!

Meantime we may endeavor to collect and compare the facts already known, and deduce therefrom some useful instruction to satisfy curiosity or gratify the greedy wish to ascend to the origin of every thing, and of mankind above all. The most proper and obvious way to elucidate American Antiquities and Monuments, would be by classifying them, which has however never been attempted, having always been noticed or elucidated loosely at random, or in a kind of geographical arrangement of the regions where found. Such classification might be based either on their styles, form and materials, or ultimately their ascertained scopes of purposes which are even now often doubtful or doubted. They might thus be divided into classes or series easily distinguished between themselves, but all finding their equivalents or similar structures in the Eastern Continent, *an important fact* to be kept in mind. There are out of America some structures not found in it, but there are none in it that cannot be detected somewhere else, either in Europe, North Africa or Asia, Polynesia, &c. among the earliest Monuments or Ruins, or the rudest structures. None of the latest styles and improved Architecture, such as Colonnades, roofed temples, Budhist and Mahometan temples, Gothic or Modern Churches, fortifications with large towers or bastions—are met in America, being a convincing proof that all the American structures were of a previous date, or of an earlier style, than these later.

But even some very ancient Eastern structures are lacking in America, or only found in a modified form. Thus although the Cycloian structures had been denied to America, they are not quite lacking; although their Tyrrinthian style, the

rudest of huge unshapen blocks of stone put together, has not yet been met with, the other Cycloian styles are found of rough polygones or irregular squared stones: the most common however is of rough flat stones put together pretty much as our dry walls are to this day by us.

If we do not exactly find in this Continent, the Celtic style of Stonehenge and circles of stones scattered from Persia to Scotland, we meet several other branches of the Celtic style, standing rough pillars, massive altars, circles of earth, fortified villages similar to those of Britain, miscalled *Roman Camps*, although no such camps are found where the Romans went out of Celtica, and the American camps or forts are certainly not Roman! Whether the Celtic race ever came to America has been doubted, and may be deemed doubtful yet: there are two strong arguments against it at least, the lack of Monuments like the Stonehenge temples, and the Celtic structure of Language, or regular series of interposed ideas not being widely spread in America, and chiefly found in Brazil and Florida, where nations of another lineage dwelt. Yet it is pretty certain, notwithstanding that nearly all the writers omit it or deny it, that the old Celts had an intercourse of trade in America once, even from Gaul. It has lately been discovered by Sir A. Brooke, that there are Celtic monuments in Morocco, he describes a large mound with a circle of stones around. The N. W. of Africa must in very early time have been one of the regions whence the *Atlantes* went or came; this is an historical fact, and their posterity yet live in Africa from Mount Atlas to Nubia, their language have the Celtic and Semetic structure. They gave name to the Atlantic Ocean, and this name is one of the few that have reached our times. Africa and Spain once joined, even the Berbers have a tradition of it. The same Nations filled Libia and Spain, the *Bas-Tules*, *Ba-Tures* of Spain were *Tulas*, *Turas*, as in Central Asia and Central America; so were also the *Tur-tules* or *Tur-detani*, &c. while the *Cantes* of Spain were akin to the *Antes* of Libia, *Hyantes* of Greece. The Greeks have stated that their *Atlantes* or *Atalantoi* were formed of the united nations of Atlas and Antoi or Anteus.

Pyramids exactly similar to those of Egypt, and pillared temples similar to those of Thebes, are not met with in America; but we have their equivalent in the pyramidal Tevcalis of Anahuac, and the temples of Peru, similar to the pyramidal temples of Assyria and India, towers in stages like those of Lybia, Syria and China. In all cases the materials depend pretty much on the localities, and the kind of stones or proper materials at hand, although often carried from a distance, and

requiring the joint labour of many thousand men during several years.

But it has been ascertained that there were older inhabitants in the west of Europe, than these very Celts, Cantes and Atlantes. The *Creons* a superior race that erected the annual monumental pillars of Camac in Brittany, the Cunis or Cyntes, that dwelt at the S. W. of Spain and Portugal, the degraded Vassals or outcasts of the Cetto called *Cacoux*, *Cahets*, *Cunigos*, whose posterity is not yet quite extinct. The Eskuara now called Barks and Garaus, but formerly Cantabrians were the Cantas of the river Ebro, they had great affinities of Language with many American nations. The Atlantic monuments may be distinctly traced from Syria and Greece to Lybia, Morocco, &c. Immense mounds have been found as far South as the river Nun. Of these Atlantes, their countries deeds of yore, &c. much has been written, and much more remains to be elucidated: they can be traced Eastward as far as the very Centre of Asia, once called Turan, through Scythia in the North and Persia in the South, to the utmost verge of Africa and Europe Westwards. Next to the famed Island Atlantis, or rather *Megatalantides* which was America! the smaller Atlantis seated midway between the two continents, has been supposed to have sunk when the Volcanos of the Azores, Canaries and other African Islands did explode.y

The American Nations connected with these were widely scattered in America, and chiefly wherever the earliest monuments were spread, even as far as Chili to the South, in Guyana to the East under the name of *Aturet* or *Atules*, and Northwards as far as Ohio and Illinois. It is easy to trace surprising analogies of Languages between the early languages of South Europe and North Africa, with the Chilians, Peruvians, Muyzcas, Haytians, Tulans or Tol-texas, &c., and many other pre-eminent Nations of this Continent.

By the useful process of generalization we may collect the following important results concerning our monuments: 1. They are scattered all over America from lat.  $45^{\circ}$  North to lat  $45^{\circ}$  South of the Equator, thus occupying  $90^{\circ}$  of latitude, which is no where else the case. 2. They chiefly occupy a flexuose belt from our great Lakes to Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Quito, Peru and Chili. 3. There are few or none in Boreal America, the Eastern Shores of it as far as Virginia, the Western as far as California, nor in the Antilles, Guyana, Orinoco, Maragnon, Brazil, Paraguay and Patagonia; although some of these regions not having yet been properly explored may hereafter offer some likewise. 4. Those known from our Eastern Shores, the Antilles and Brazil are few,

and of a peculiar character, distinct from the general style of the others. In New Hampshire concentric castramations have been found as in Peru, but not of stone nor shaped like stars, in Massachusetts inscribed rocks are met with, those of Pennsylvania East of the mountains are rude and small, and such they are as far as Virginia and Carolina. In the Antilles or West Indies, they are chiefly caves, temples and tombs. In Brazil we know of but few, but they are of stone and peculiar style. 5. Therefore the main monuments and structures occupy only one half of America or even less, they are mostly thickly scattered in the fertile regions near rivers, from Ohio to Florida, from Missouri to Texas, from Somra to Honduras, from Bogota to Chili, &c. being often on high grounds and mountains, table lands and valleys, seldom in the low plains.

Such are the most interesting by number and extensive, spreading locations. Yet there are among them various ages and styles, the Floridan or North American, the Mexican or Anahuac, the Guatimalan or Tulan, the Peruvian or Inca—Series, are all somewhat different and mingled with others of earlier or various ages—In Peru the *Pucaras* or oldest fortified cities in a stellate form are of earliest ages, the Ruins of Tiahuanaco with sculptures of a remote period, the Ruins of Chimu of another style yet, all different from the style of the Incas. In central America, the Cave-temples—the fortified cities and palaces—and the *Teocalis* or Pyramids and towers, offer as many eras and styles.

In North America we have also at least three great Eras and styles of monuments, the first or most rude, somewhat similar to that of the Antilles, excavations, small houses, &c. and this, although so rude, is found to have lasted till very lately, as our log-house style is lasting with us along with large stone buildings. 2. A primitive style using earth and wood or rough stones for large and fine structures, temples, &c. 3. The most refined employing cut stones and ornaments, &c., rare in the North, but becoming more common towards Mexico.

We may assert in ultimate result that America had no Monuments of Grecian or Roman structures, except such as belong to primitive Italy and Greece, ascribed to their ancestors a different race, the Pelagic, Curetes, Hyantes, Taulantes, Xownes, and other similar old tribes or nations, long previous to Roman power and Grecian refinement, above all no colonnades and no baked bricks. None of our monuments were like the best Celtic structure, but rather similar to the earliest or ruder Celtic style, if not perhaps previous, such as stand-

ing or rocking stones, rough pillars and pilasters, tumuli and mounds, circular and angular areas and temples. None were like the Egyptian temples and pyramids, our American pyramids being rather in stages, as in Ethiopia, Assyria, India, &c., or in huge platforms bearing temples and palaces, as in Balbec and Persepolis, but by no means so ornamented, nor with such huge stones. None were like the Tyrinthian or Titanic style, but rather a modification of it. None like the slender pillars and round towers of India, Persia, Ireland. None like the modern structure of the Christians, Mahometans, Budhists, Chinese, &c., no Gothic or Arabic style, nor domes were found. The reference cannot trace any of these religions to America by their peculiar structures.

While on the other side, we can assert and prove that the American monuments were more or less alike to, 1. The oldest monuments, square and circular platforms of all shapes and sizes, some as large as hills or even natural hills cut to shapes for altars, or support of temples and staged pyramids, &c., or are found from Celtica and Ireland to France, Spain, Italy, Greece, Russia, &c., from Morocco to Senegal, Lybia and Abyssinia; in Asia, from Notolia and the Trojan plain, to Syria and Arabia, Persia, Media, around the Caspian, and even in India, Tartary and China; also, the *Morais* of Polynesia. All of which were the primitive altars of early men or their imitation in later times. 2. Or like the Cave temples, scattered also from Ireland to India, found in Greece, Syria, Egypt, Persia, &c., sometimes as in China, like the excavated cities of the Troglodyte nations, found in Sicily, Crete, Cyprus, Syria, Arabia, Cabul, at Bamiyan, &c. 3d. Or like the massive structures of stones of earliest ages, the *Norayes* or Conical towers of Sardinia and the Balearic Islands, the angular towers of Lybia, &c. imitated in Peru, Brazil, Guatemala, Chiapa, &c. 4th. Or like the fortified cities of oldest ages in Persia, India, Arabia, Turan, &c. imitated in Peru, and Central America, often with concentric inclosures or curious shapes, sometimes with arks or citadels, or acropolis, as in Persia, Greece, Etruria, &c. 5th. Or like the vast inclosures and sacred areas of temples, with peculiar cells or holy recesses, shrines, oracles, &c., as in India, China, Thibet, formerly in Syria, Egypt, Assyria, even like the old temples of Mecca and Solomon; such are found in Peru, Tunca, Mexico, North America as far as Missouri, where most were of wood as were the first temples of Solomon, Tyre, Delphos, and are yet in China very often.

Then it is evident that the American Monuments are similar to the oldest and earliest of the Eastern Continent, or the

modern ones that are yet built there on the primitive models. We have some late instances of it even in Europe, when the huge mound of Waterloo was erected after the battle of that name. Grecian buildings are often built now in Europe and America, the Gothic style has travelled from Arabia to Europe and is not yet quite out of use. The national altars of the Celestial Empire at Pekin in China are yet exactly similar to those of earliest times, and found in America.

Architecture and the various styles it has employed for monuments, temples, cities, &c. have undergone several changes and improvements, from the rude imitations of a tent, or cottage, or hill, to that of pyramids, towers, pillars, colonnades, caves, *norajes*, *tevcalis*, &c., from irregular inclosures to square, circular, octagon forms, from heaps of earth forming ditches, canals, to regular walled excavations. Styles of building are fluctuating with the Nations and times, taste and religion: some are occasionally revived or improved; yet they have a certain duration, location, or age, and origin somewhere. Nevertheless they may happen to be blended by the same people; our own modern civilization admits yet of the tents in camps, the loghouse, the shed, the hut, the cottage, the houses of wood, brick or stone, palaces and temples, theatres, capitols, and negro huts! We must not be surprised to see the same incongruity and admixture in various parts of America in former times. Many tribes followed 300 years ago the style of 3000 years before, as yet partly done in China.

Every thing on earth follows the universal law of terrestrial mutations, monuments and arts, as well as languages and human features! they rise and fall like the nations, mingle or blend as our modern English nation and language formed out of many others. What diversity in any one of our cities in complexions, statures and features of men! there are more differences between some men of our own race, than between negroes, red or white men. White, black and bay horses, are not peculiar species, nor are men of different hues, hairs, eyes, noses, &c.

Inscriptions are monuments also, and of the highest value, even when we cannot read them. Some of these will hereafter, since those of Egypt so long deemed inexplicable, have at last found interpreters. So it will be at a future day, with those of America. Few have been made known as yet, but there are many all over the range of the monumental regions. Those sculptured in the temples and palaces of *Otolum* near Palenque, are not the only ones. Several in caves, or upon rocks, involve in rude painting, a symbolic meaning, to which we are obtaining a clue. Several nations of North America

had a language of signs made or written; although known sometimes to but few, these signs or symbols prevailed from Oregon to Chili—or else *Quipos* as in China, were used as records, in coloured strings or knots, wampums, belts, collars. All these however, appear to belong to the first attempt of mankind to perpetuate ideas, they seem to have preceded the alphabets of India, Persia and Europe, or the vocal signs of China, although some of these date of the earliest ages. Tula, Oaxaca, Otolum, &c., had glyphs or a kind of combined alphabet, where the letters or syllables were blended into words, as in our anagrams, and not in serial order. A few traces of alphabets have, however, been found in South America on the R. Cauca and elsewhere, which have not yet obtained sufficient attention: that of Cauca given by Humboldt, is nearly Pelagic or Etruscan; traces of Runic signs were found in Carolina—other signs have occasionally been met in North America, but neglected.

Painted symbols or hieroglyphics, or sometimes abridged outlines of them, were used chiefly in Anahuac, from Panuco to Panama; in North America, from Florida to New Mexico, also in Cuba, Hayti, Yucatan, Bogota, Peru, by the Panos, Muyzcas and other nations. Those without any means to convey ideas could even in America, as in Scythia and Africa, use emblems or objects to which a peculiar meaning was applied, and trace rude pictures of them on trees or rocks.

The monuments connected with pictures, emblems, hieroglyphics scattered in caves, on rocks, on cliffs above human reach—are very curious, and ought to be collected, sought for, and explained; they will all impart historical events. The rock of Taunton and a few others, have alone exercised the ingenuity of antiquarians, and perhaps to little purpose as yet, since the inscription has been ascribed by turns to the Phenicians, the Jews, the Atlantes, Norwegians, or even to our modern tribes. It may not be properly understood until all the graphic systems of America are studied and explained. The late successful attempt of the Cherokis to obtain a syllabic alphabet for their language, proves that the Americans were not devoid of graphic ingenuity.

But the contents of mounds, graves, caves, &c., are also very interesting, affording us a clue to their purpose, and the arts of the times when raised or inhabited. Many kinds of implements, ornaments, tools, weapons, vases, &c., have been found everywhere, displaying skill and taste. Idols and sculptures have given us the features and religious ideas of some nations. Astronomical stones and calendars

have been found, recovered, and lost again, revealing peculiar systems of astronomy and chronology. We possess the complex calendars of the Tulans, Mexicans, Chiapans, Muyzeas, Peruvians, &c.; that of the Talegar of North America, a dodecagon with one hundred and forty-four parts, and hieroglyphics was found on the banks of the Ohio, and have since been lost or hidden.

Humboldt's labours on American astronomy and his results coincide with those on antiquity, to make the American systems quite different from the oriental, Hindoo, Jewish, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Celtic systems of days, months, zodiac, and cycles; while they are more like those of Thibet, China, Japan, Lybia, Etruria, &c. At any rate the American systems were anterious to the admission of the week of seven days, being the fourth of a lunation, each day dedicated to a planet, and the Sabatical observance of the Jews based thereon. The American weeks were of three, five, nine, and even thirteen days, as in some parts of Asia and Africa, in Java, Thibet, China, Guinea. The week of five days appears the most ancient of all and the most natural, including exactly seventy-three weeks in the solar year, and sixty-nine in the lunar year; that of three days is only the decimal part of a month; in China the long week of fifteen days prevails as yet being half a lunation or month.

Accounts of monuments with dry descriptions and measures, are often uninteresting, unless with figures and explanations to illustrate their nature and designs. The writer having himself surveyed many American sites of ancient cities, may hereafter describe and explain some of them, with or without figures. He has also collected accounts of similar monuments all over the earth, and will be able to elucidate thereby our own monuments. Meantime whoever wishes to become acquainted with such as have been made known in the United States alone, must consult a host of writers who have described a few, such as Soto, Charlevoix, Barton, Belknap, Lewis, Crevecœur, Clinton, Atwater, Brekenridge, Nuttal, McCulloh, Bartram, Priest, Beck, Madison, James, Schoolcraft, Keating, &c.; and in the appendix to the *Ancient History of Kentucky* will be found a catalogue made in 1824. Such study is then a task, and requires the amending hand of a careful compiler at least, before we can even obtain the complete knowledge of what has been done with us already on this historical subject.

*Philadelphia, September, 1838.*

## THE LAST MAN OF "76."

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

### *Extract 1.*

With time's healing flow, with the current of years  
Whose record of bitterness glistens with tears,  
Fleetly, but silently, hastening away,  
The shadows of sorrow which curtained the day  
Had fled like a cloud from the azure above,  
Or the spray from the web which the gossamer wove,  
When the light and the joy of the sun are abounding,  
And nature with gladness and music resounding.  
The storm which had frowned in the menacing sky,  
And burst o'er the weak, ere a covert was nigh,  
Had wasted its fury, and peace in its path  
Exultingly dawned o'er the wrecks of its wrath;  
While the rainbow of promise hung sweetly adorning  
The freshness and quiet of victory's morning!—  
Hours of battle and bloodshed, of orphans and arms,  
Of widows and wailing, of sudden alarms,  
Times of parting forever to die unconsoled,  
Or to struggle unknown where the cannon cloud rolled;  
Of hopeless adieu when the future was clouded,  
And youth had gone forth to be buried unshrouded;  
Nights of anguish 'mid fear, days of horror 'mid blood,  
When o'er beauty and innocence murderers stood,  
Had faded and flown on the pinions of age;  
Like the wrongs which had fostered 'em, swept from the stage;  
While tyranny crouched 'neath the triumphing band  
Of Liberty ruling with sceptreless hand.—  
The visions of war and the trance of the fight  
Had melted away with the hues of the night,  
And softness, serene as the summerlit sea,  
Spread wide as heaven's blue o'er the home of the free;  
Bright skies and calm spirits reigned glad in the land,  
And calmness and joy wandered hand within hand.

But the stars of that night were all vanishing too,  
Like sunset's gilt cloud, or morn's honey dew;  
Arisen to 'lumine the darkness, then fade,  
Ere the gloom which they gemmed was in beauty arrayed;  
And heroes of battle, the brave of time's story,  
Who together had sealed their own danger and glory—  
One by one dropping low to their home in the ground,  
One by one were borne from the weeping around.—

R. G. P.

Baltimore, Sept. 1838.

## L I G E I A .

BY EDGAR A. POE.

And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigour? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.

JOSEPH GLANVILL.

I CANNOT, for my soul, remember how, when, or even precisely where I first became acquainted with the lady Ligeia. Long years have since elapsed, and my memory is feeble through much suffering: or, perhaps, I cannot now bring these points to mind, because, in truth, the character of my beloved, her rare learning, her singular yet placid cast of beauty, and the thrilling and entralling eloquence of her low, musical language, made their way into my heart by paces, so steadily and stealthily progressive, that they have been unnoticed and unknown. Yet I know that I met her most frequently in some large, old, decaying city near the Rhine. Of her family—I have surely heard her speak—that they are of a remotely ancient date cannot be doubted. Ligeia! Buried in studies of a nature, more than all else, adapted to deaden impressions of the outward world, it is by that sweet word alone—by Ligeia, that I bring before mine eyes in fancy the image of her who is no more. And now, while I write, a recollection flashes upon me that I have *never known* the paternal name of her who was my friend and my betrothed, and who became the partner of my studies, and eventually the wife of my bosom. Was it a playful charge on the part of my Ligeia? or was it a test of my strength of affection that I should institute no inquiries upon this point? or was it rather a caprice of my own—a wildly romantic offering on the shrine of the most passionate devotion? I but indistinctly recall the fact itself—what wonder that I have utterly forgotten the circumstances which originated or attended it? And indeed, if ever that spirit which is entitled *Romance*—if ever she, the wan, and the misty-winged *Ashtophet* of idolatrous Egypt, presided, as they tell, over marriages ill-omened, then most surely she presided over mine.

There is one dear topic, however, on which my memory faileth me not. It is the person of Ligeia. In stature she was tall, somewhat slender, and in her latter days even emaciated. I would in vain attempt to pourtray the majesty, the quiet ease of her demeanour, or the incomprehensible lightness and elasticity of her footfall. She came and departed like a shadow. I was never made aware of her en-

trance into my closed study save by the dear music of her low sweet voice, as she placed her delicate hand upon my shoulder. In beauty of face no maiden ever equalled her. It was the radiance of an opium dream—an airy and spirit-lifting vision more wildly divine than the phantasies which hovered about the slumbering souls of the daughters of Delos. Yet her features were not of that regular mould which we have been falsely taught to worship in the classical labors of the Heathen. "There is no exquisite beauty," saith Verulam, Lord Bacon, speaking truly of all the forms and *genera* of beauty, "without some *strangeness* in the proportions." Yet, although I saw that the features of Ligeia were not of classic regularity, although I perceived that her loveliness was indeed "exquisite," and felt that there was much of "strangeness" pervading it, yet I have tried in vain to detect the irregularity, and to trace home my own perception of "the strange." I examined the contour of the lofty and pale forehead—it was faultless—how cold indeed that word when applied to a majesty so divine! The skin rivaling the purest ivory, the commanding breadth and repose, the gentle prominence of the regions above the temples, and then the raven-black, the glossy, the luxuriant and naturally-curling tresses, setting forth the full force of the Homeric epithet, "hyacinthine;" I looked at the delicate outlines of the nose—and nowhere but in the graceful medallions of the Hebrews had I beheld a similar perfection. There was the same luxurious smoothness of surface, the same scarcely perceptible tendency to the aquiline, the same harmoniously curved nostril speaking the free spirit. I regarded the sweet mouth. Here was indeed the triumph of all things heavenly—the magnificent turn of the short upper lip—the soft, voluptuous repose of the under—the dimples which sported, and the colour which spoke—the teeth glancing back, with a brilliancy almost startling, every ray of the holy light which fell upon them in her serene, and placid, yet most exultingly radiant of all smiles. I scrutinized the formation of the chin—and here, too, I found the gentleness of breadth, the softness and the majesty, the fulness and the spirituality, of the Greek, the contour which the God Apollo revealed but in a dream to Cleomenes, the son of the Athenian. And then I peered into the large eyes of Ligeia.

For eyes we have no models in the remotely antique. It might have been, too, that in these eyes of my beloved lay the secret to which Lord Verulam alludes. They were, I must believe, far larger than the ordinary eyes of our race. They were even far fuller than the fullest of the Gazelle eyes

of the tribe of the valley of Nourjabad. Yet it was only at intervals—in moments of intense excitement—that this peculiarity became more than slightly noticeable in Ligeia. And at such moments was her beauty—in my heated fancy thus it appeared perhaps—the beauty of beings either above or apart from the earth—the beauty of the fabulous Hour of the Turk. The colour of the orbs was the most brilliant of black, and far over them hung jetty lashes of great length. The brows, slightly irregular in outline, had the same hue. The “strangeness,” however, which I have found in the eyes of my Ligeia was of a nature distinct from the formation, or the colour, or the brilliancy of the feature, and must, after all, be referred to the *expression*. Ah, word of no meaning! behind whose vast latitude of mere sound we intrench our ignorance of so much of the spiritual. The expression of the eyes of Ligeia! How, for long hours have I pondered upon it! How have I, through the whole of a mid-summer night, struggled to fathom it! What was it—that something more profound than the well of Democritus—which lay far within the pupils of my beloved? What *was* it? I was possessed with a passion to discover. Those eyes! those large, those shining, those divine orbs! they became to me twin stars of Leda, and I to them devoutest of astrologers. Not for a moment was the unfathomable meaning of their glance, by day or by night, absent from my soul.

There is no point, among the many incomprehensible anomalies of the science of mind, more thrillingly exciting than the fact—never, I believe noticed in the schools—that in our endeavours to recall to memory something long forgotten we often find ourselves *upon the very verge* of remembrance without being able, in the end, to remember. And thus, how frequently, in my intense scrutiny of Ligeia’s eyes, have I felt approaching the full knowledge of the secret of their expression—felt it approaching—yet not quite be mine—and so at length utterly depart. And (strange, oh strangest mystery of all!) I found, in the commonest objects of the universe, a circle of analogies to that expression. I mean to say that, subsequently to the period when Ligeia’s beauty passed into my spirit, there dwelling as in a shrine, I derived from many existences in the material world, a sentiment, such as I felt always aroused within me by her large and luminous orbs. Yet not the more could I define that sentiment, or analyze, or even steadily view it. I recognized it, let me repeat, sometimes in the commonest objects of the universe. It has flashed upon me in the survey of a rapidly-growing vine—in the contemplation of a moth, a butterfly, a

chrysalis, a stream of running water. I have felt it in the ocean, in the falling of a meteor. I have felt it in the glances of unusually aged people. And there are one or two stars in heaven—(one especially, a star of the sixth magnitude, double and changeable, to be found near the large star in Lyra) in a telescopic scrutiny of which I have been made aware of the feeling. I have been filled with it by certain sounds from stringed instruments, and not unfrequently by passages from books. Among innumerable other instances, I well remember something in a volume of Joseph Glanvill, which, perhaps merely from its quaintness—who shall say? never failed to inspire me with the sentiment.—“And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigor? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield him to the angels, nor unto death utterly, but only through the weakness of his feeble will.”

Length of years, and subsequent reflection, have enabled me to trace, indeed, some remote connexion between this passage in the old English moralist and a portion of the character of Ligeia. An *intensity* in thought, action, or speech was possibly, in her, a result, or at least an index, of that gigantic volition which, during our long intercourse, failed to give other and more immediate evidence of its existence. Of all women whom I have ever known, she, the outwardly calm, the ever placid Ligeia, was the most violently a prey to the tumultuous vultures of stern passion. And of such passion I could form no estimate, save by the miraculous expansion of those eyes which at once so delighted and appalled me, by the almost magical melody, modulation, distinctness and placidity of her very low voice, and by the fierce energy, (rendered doubly effective by contrast with her manner of utterance) of the words which she uttered.

I have spoken of the learning of Ligeia: it was immense—such as I have never known in woman. In all the classical tongues was she deeply proficient, and as far as my own acquaintance extended in regard to the modern dialects of Europe, I have never known her at fault. Indeed upon any theme of the most admired, because simply the most abstruse, of the boasted erudition of the academy, have I *ever* found Ligeia at fault? How singularly, how thrillingly, this one point in the nature of my wife has forced itself, at this late period, only, upon my attention! I said her knowledge was such as I had never known in woman. Where breathes the man who, like her, has traversed, and successfully, *all* the wide areas of moral, natural, and mathematical science? I saw

not then what I now clearly perceive, that the acquisitions of Ligeia were gigantic, were astounding—yet I was sufficiently aware of her infinite supremacy to resign myself, with a child-like confidence, to her guidance through the chaotic world of metaphysical investigation at which I was most busily occupied during the earlier years of our marriage. With how vast a triumph—with how vivid a delight—with how much of all that is ethereal in hope—did I *feel*, as she bent over me, in studies but little sought for—but less known that delicious vista by slow but very perceptible degrees expanding before me, down whose long, gorgeous, and all untrodden path I might at length pass onward to the goal of a wisdom too divinely precious not to be forbidden!

How poignant, then, must have been the grief with which, after some years, I beheld my well-grounded expectations take wings to themselves and flee away! Without Ligeia I was but as a child groping benighted. Her presence, her readings alone, rendered vividly luminous the many mysteries of the transcendentalism in which we were immersed. Letters, lambent and golden, grew duller than Saturnian lead wanting the radiant lustre of her eyes. And now those eyes shone less and less frequently upon the pages over which I poured. Ligeia grew ill. The wild eye blazed with a too—too glorious effulgence; the pale fingers became of the transparent waxen hue of the grave—and the blue veins upon the lofty forehead swelled and sunk impetuously with the tides of the most gentle emotion. I saw that she must die—and I struggled desperately in spirit with the grim Azrael. And the struggles of the passionate Ligeia were, to my astonishment, even more energetic than my own. There had been much in her stern nature to impress me with the belief that, to her, death would have come without its terrors—but not so. Words are impotent to convey any just idea of the fierceness of resistance with which Ligeia wrestled with the dark shadow. I groaned in anguish at the pitiable spectacle. I would have soothed—I would have reasoned; but in the intensity of her wild desire for life—for life—but for life, solace and reason were alike the uttermost of folly. Yet not for an instant, amid the most convulsive writhings of her fierce spirit, was shaken the external placidity of her demeanor. Her voice grew more gentle—grew more low—yet I would not wish to dwell upon the wild meaning of the quietly-uttered words. My brain reeled as I hearkened, entranced, to a melody more than mortal—to assumptions and aspirations which mortality had never before known.

That Ligeia loved me, I should not have doubted; and I  
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might have been easily aware that, in a bosom such as hers, love would have reigned no ordinary passion. But in death only, was I fully impressed with the intensity of her affection. For long hours, detaining my hand, would she pour out before me the overflowings of a heart whose more than passionate devotion amounted to idolatry. How had I deserved to be so blessed by such confessions.—How had I deserved to be so cursed with the removal of my beloved in the hour of her making them? But upon this subject I cannot bear to dilate. Let me say only, that in Ligeia's more than womanly abandonment to a love, alas, all unmerited, all unworthily bestowed; I at length recognised the principle of her longing, with so wildly earnest a desire for the life which was now fleeing so rapidly away. It is this wild longing—it is this eager intensity of desire for life—but for life—that I have no power to pourtray—no utterance capable to express. Me-thinks I again behold the terrific struggles of her lofty, her nearly idealized nature, with the might and the terror, and the majesty of the great Shadow. But she perished. The giant *will* succumbed to a power more stern. And I thought, as I gazed upon the corpse, of the wild passage in Joseph Glanvill. “The will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigor? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield him to the angels, *nor unto death utterly,* save only through the weakness of his feeble will.

She died—and I, crushed into the very dust with sorrow, could no longer endure the lonely desolation of my dwelling in the dim and decaying city by the Rhine. I had no lack of what the world terms wealth—Ligeia had brought me far more, very far more, than falls ordinarily to the lot of mortals. After a few months, therefore, of weary and aimless wandering, I purchased, and put in some repair, an abbey, which I shall not name, in one of the wildest and least frequented portions of fair England. The gloomy and dreary grandeur of the building, the almost savage aspect of the domain, the many melancholy and time-honored memories connected with both, had much in unison with the feelings of utter abandonment which had driven me into that remote and musical region of the country. Yet, although the external abbey, with its verdant decay hanging about it, suffered but little alteration, I gave way with a child-like perversity, and perchance with a faint hope of alleviating my sorrows, to a display of more than regal magnificence within. For such follies even in childhood I had imbibed a taste, and now they came back to me as if in the dotage of grief. Alas, I

now feel how much even of incipient madness might have been discovered in the gorgeous and fantastic draperies, in the solemn carvings of Egypt, in the wild cornices and furniture of Arabesque, in the bedlam patterns of the carpets of tufted gold! I had become a bounden slave in the trammels of opium, and my labors and my orders had taken a colouring from my dreams. But these absurdities I must not pause to detail. Let me speak only of that one chamber, ever accursed, whither, in a moment of mental alienation, I led from the altar as my bride—as the successor of the unforget-tened Ligeia—the fair-haired and blue-eyed lady Rowena Trevanion, of Tremaine.

There is not any individual portion of the architecture and decoration of that bridal chamber which is not now visibly before me. Where were the souls of the haughty family of the bride, when, through thirst of gold, they permitted to pass the threshold of an apartment *so* bedecked, a maiden and a daughter so beloved? I have said that I minutely remember the details of the chamber—yet I am sadly forgetful on topics of deep moment—and here there was no system, no keeping, in the fantastic display, to take hold upon the memory. The room lay in a high turret of the castellated abbey, was pentagonal in shape, and of capacious size. Occupying the whole southern face of the pentagon was the sole window—an immense sheet of unbroken glass from Venice—a single pane, and tinted of a leaden hue, so that the rays of either the sun or moon, passing through it, fell with a ghastly lustre upon the objects within. Over the upper portion of this huge window extended the open trellise-work of an aged vine which clambered up the massy walls of the turret. The ceiling, of gloomy-looking oak, was excessively lofty, vaulted, and elaborately fretted with the wildest and most grotesque specimens of a semi-Gothic, semi-druidical device. From out the most central recess of this melancholy vaulting, depended, by a single chain of gold, with long links, a huge censer of the same metal, Arabesque in pattern, and with many perforations so contrived that there writhed in and out of them, as if endued with a serpent vitality, a continual succession of parti-coloured fires. Some few ottomans and golden candelabras of Eastern figure were in various stations about—and there was the couch, too, the bridal couch, of an Indian model, and low, and sculptured of solid ebony, with a canopy above. In each of the angles of the chamber, stood on end a gigantic sarcophagus of black granite, from the tombs of the kings over against Luxor, with their aged lids full of imme-morial sculpture. But in the draping of the apartment lay,

alas! the chief phantasy of all. The lofty walls—gigantic in height—even unproportionally so, were hung from summit to foot, in vast folds with a heavy and massy looking tapestry—tapestry of a material which was found alike as a carpet on the floor, as a covering for the ottomans, and the ebony bed, as a canopy for the bed, and as the gorgeous volutes of the curtains which partially shaded the window. This material was the richest cloth of gold. It was spotted all over, at irregular intervals, with Arabesque figures, of about a foot in diameter, and wrought upon the cloth in patterns of the most jetty black. But these figures partook of the true character of the Arabesque only when regarded from a single point of view. By a contrivance now common, and indeed traceable to a very remote period of antiquity, they were made changeable in aspect. To one entering the room they bore the appearance of ideal monstrosities; but, upon a farther advance, this appearance suddenly departed; and, step by step, as the visiter moved his station in the chamber, he saw himself surrounded by an endless succession of the ghastly forms which belong to the superstition of the Northman, or arise in the guilty slumbers of the monk. The phantasmagoric effect was vastly heightened by the artificial introduction of a strong continual current of wind behind the draperies—giving a hidious and uneasy vitality to the whole.

In halls such as these—in a bridal chamber such as this, I passed, with the lady of Tremaine, the unhallowed hours of the first month of our marriage—passed them with but little disquietude. That my wife dreaded the fierce moodiness of my temper—that she shunned me, and loved me but little, I could not help perceiving—but it gave me rather pleasure than otherwise. I loathed her with a hatred belonging more to demon than to man. My memory flew back, (oh with what intensity of regret!) to Ligeia, the beloved, the beautiful, the entombed. I revelled in recollections of her purity, of her wisdom, of her lofty, her ethereal nature, of her passionate, her idolatrous love. Now, then, did my spirit fully and freely burn with more than all the fires of her own. In the excitement of my opium dreams for I was habitually fettered in the iron shackles of the drug I would call aloud upon her name, during the silence of the night, or among the sheltered recesses of the glens by day, as if, by the wild eagerness, the solemn passion, the consuming intensity of my longing for the departed Ligeia, I could restore the departed Ligeia to the pathways she had abandoned upon earth.

About the commencement of the second month of the marriage, the lady Rowena was attacked with sudden illness from which her recovery was slow. The fever which consumed her, rendered her nights uneasy, and, in her perturbed state of half-slumber, she spoke of sounds, and of motions, in and about the chamber of the turret which had no origin save in the distemper of her fancy, or, perhaps, in the phantasmagoric influences of the chamber itself. She became at length convalescent—finally well. Yet but a brief period elapsed, ere a second more violent disorder again threw her upon a bed of suffering—and from this attack her frame, at all times feeble, never altogether recovered. Her illnesses were, after this period, of alarming character, and of more alarming recurrence, defying alike the knowledge and the great exertions of her medical men. With the increase of the chronic disease which had thus, apparently, taken too sure hold upon her constitution to be eradicated by human means, I could not fail to observe a similar increase in the nervous irritability of her temperament, and in her excitability by trivial causes of fear. Indeed reason seemed fast tottering from her throne. She spoke again, and now more frequently and pertinaciously, of the sounds, of the slight sounds, and of the unusual motions among the tapestries, to which she had formerly alluded. It was one night near the closing in of September, when she pressed this distressing subject with more than usual emphasis upon my attention. She had just awakened from a perturbed slumber, and I had been watching, with feelings half of anxiety, half of a vague terror, the workings of her emaciated countenance. I sat by the side of her ebony bed, upon one of the ottomans of India. She partly arose, and spoke, in an earnest low whisper, of sounds which she *then* heard, but which I could not hear, of motions which she *then* saw, but which I could not perceive. The wind was rushing hurriedly behind the tapestries, and I wished to show her (what, let me confess it, I could not *all* believe) that those faint, almost articulate, breathings, and the very gentle variations of the figures upon the wall, were but the natural effects of that customary rushing of the wind. But a deadly pallor overspreading her face, had proved to me that my exertions to re-assure her would be fruitless. She appeared to be fainting, and no attendants were within call. I remembered where was deposited a decanter of some light wine which had been ordered by her physicians, and hastened across the chamber to procure it. But, as I stepped beneath the light of the censer, two circumstances of a startling nature attracted my attention. I had felt that some palpable

object had passed lightly by my person; and I saw that there lay a faint, indefinite shadow upon the golden carpet in the very middle of the rich lustre thrown from the censer. But I was wild with the excitement of an immoderate dose of opium, and heeded these things but little, nor spoke of them to Rowena. Finding the wine, I re-crossed the chamber, and poured out a goblet-ful, which I held to the lips of the fainting lady. But she had now partially recovered, and took, herself, the vessel, while I sank upon the ottoman near me, with my eyes rivetted upon her person. It was then that I became distinctly aware of a gentle foot-fall upon the carpet, and near the couch; and, in a second thereafter, as Rowena was in the act of raising the wine to her lips, I saw, or may have dreamed that I saw, fall within the goblet, as if from some invisible spring in the atmosphere of the room, three or four large drops of a brilliant and ruby colored fluid. If this I saw—not so Rowena. She swallowed the wine unhesitatingly, and I forbore to speak to her of a circumstance which must, after all, I considered, have been but the suggestion of a vivid imagination, rendered morbidly active by the terror of the lady, by the opium, and by the hour.

Yet I cannot conceal it from myself, after this period, a rapid change for the worse took place in the disorder of my wife, so that, on the third subsequent night, the hands of her menials prepared her for the tomb, and on the fourth, I sat alone, with her shrouded body, in that fantastical chamber which had received her as my bride. Wild visions, opium engendered, flitted, shadow-like, before me. I gazed with unquiet eye upon the sarcophagi in the angles of the room, upon the varying figures of the drapery, and upon the writhing of the parti-colored fires in the censer overhead. My eyes then fell, as I called to mind the circumstances of a former night, to the spot beneath the glare of the censer where I had beheld the faint traces of the shadow. It was there, however, no longer, and, breathing with greater freedom, I turned my glances to the pallid and rigid figure upon the bed. Then rushed upon me a thousand memories of Ligeia—and then came back upon my heart, with the turbulent violence of a flood, the whole of that unutterable woe with which I had regarded *her* thus enshrouded. The night waned; and still, with a bosom full of bitter thoughts of the one only and supremely beloved, I remained with mine eyes rivetted upon the body of Rowena.

It might have been midnight, or perhaps earlier, or later, for I had taken no note of time, when a sob, low, gentle, but very distinct, startled me from my reverie. I *felt* that it

came from the bed of ebony—the bed of death. I listened in an agony of superstitious terror—but there was no repetition of the sound; I strained my vision to detect any motion in the corpse, but there was not the slightest perceptible. Yet I could not have been deceived. I had heard the noise, however faint, and my whole soul was awakened within me, as I resolutely and perseveringly kept my attention rivetted upon the body. Many minutes elapsed before any circumstance occurred tending to throw light upon the mystery. At length it became evident that a slight, a very faint, and barely noticeable tinge of colour had flushed up within the cheeks, and along the sunken small veins of the eyelids. Through a species of unutterable horror and awe, for which the language of mortality has no sufficiently energetic expression, I felt my brain reel, my heart cease to beat, my limbs grow rigid where I sat. Yet a sense of duty finally operated to restore my self-possession. I could no longer doubt that we had been precipitate in our preparations for interment—that Rowena still lived. It was necessary that some immediate exertion be made; yet the turret was altogether apart from the portion of the Abbey tenanted by the servants—there were none within call, and I had no means of summoning them to my aid without leaving the room for many minutes—and this I could not venture to do. I therefore struggled alone in my endeavors to call back the spirit still hovering. In a short period it became evident however, that a relapse had taken place; the color utterly disappeared from both eyelid and cheek, leaving a wanness even more than that of marble; the lips became doubly shrivelled and pinched up in the ghastly expression of death; a coldness surpassing that of ice, overspread rapidly the surface of the body, and all the usual rigorous stiffness immediately supervened. I fell back with a shudder upon the ottoman from which I had been so startlingly aroused, and again gave myself up to passionate waking visions of Ligeia.

An hour thus elapsed when, (could it be possible?) I was a second time aware of some vague sound issuing from the region of the bed. I listened—in extremity of horror. The sound came again—it was a sigh. Rushing to the corpse, I saw—distinctly saw—a tremor upon the lips. In a minute after they slightly relaxed, disclosing a bright line of the pearly teeth. Amazement now struggled in my bosom with the profound awe which had hitherto reigned therein alone. I felt that my vision grew dim, that my brain wandered, and it was only by a convulsive effort that I at length succeeded in nerving myself to the task which duty thus, once more, had

pointed out. There was now a partial glow upon the forehead, upon the cheek and throat—a perceptible warmth pervaded the whole frame—there was even a slight pulsation at the heart. The lady lived; and with redoubled ardour I be-took myself to the task of restoration. I chafed, and bathed the temples, and the hands, and used every exertion which experience, and no little medical reading, could suggest. But in vain. Suddenly, the colour fled, the pulsation ceased, the lips resumed the expression of the dead, and, in an instant afterwards, the whole body took upon itself the icy chillness, the livid hue, the intense rigidity, the sunken outline, and each and all of the loathsome peculiarities of that which has been, for many days, a tenant of the tomb.

And again I sunk into visions of Ligeia—and again (what marvel that I shudder while I write?) *again* there reached my ears a low sob from the region of the ebony bed. But why shall I minutely detail the unspeakable horrors of that night? Why shall I pause to relate how, time after time, until near the period of the grey dawn, this hideous drama of revivification was repeated, and how each terrific relapse was only into a sterner and apparently more irredeemable death? Let me hurry to a conclusion.

The greater part of the fearful night had worn away, and the corpse of Rowena once again stirred—and now more vigorously than hitherto, although arousing from a dissolution more appalling in its utter hopelessness than any. I had long ceased to struggle or to move, and remained sitting rigidly upon the ottoman, a helpless prey to a whirl of violent emotions, of which extreme awe was perhaps the least terrible, the least consuming. The corpse, I repeat, stirred, and now more vigorously than before. The hues of life flushed up with unwonted energy into the countenance—the limbs relaxed—and, save that the eyelids were yet pressed heavily together, and that the bandages and draperies of the grave still imparted their charnal character to the figure, I might have dreamed that Rowena had indeed shaken off, utterly, the fetters of Death. But if this idea was not, even then, altogether adopted, I could, at least, doubt no longer, when, arising from the bed, tottering, with feeble steps, with closed eyes, and with the air of one bewildered in a dream, the lady of Tremaine stood bodily and palpably before me.

I trembled not—I stirred not—for a crowd of unutterable fancies connected with the air, the demeanour of the figure, rushing hurriedly through my brain, sent the purple blood ebbing in torrents from the temples to the heart. I stirred not—but gazed upon her who was before me. There was a

mad disorder in my thoughts—a tumult unappeasable. Could it, indeed, be the *living* Rowena who confronted me? Why, *why* should I doubt it? The bandage lay heavily about the mouth—but then it was the mouth of the breathing lady of Tremaine. And the cheeks—there were the roses as in her noon of health—yes, these were indeed the fair cheeks of the living lady of Tremaine. And the chin, with its dimples, as in health, was it not hers?—but—but *had she then grown taller since her malady?* What inexpressible madness seized me with that thought? One bound, and I had reached her feet! Shrinking from my touch, she let fall from her head, unloosened, the ghastly cerements which had confined it, and there streamed forth, into the rushing atmosphere of the chamber, huge masses of long and dishevelled hair. *It was blacker than the raven wings of the midnight!* And now the eyes opened of the figure which stood before me. “Here then at least,” I shrieked aloud, “can I never—can I never be mistaken—these are the full, and the black, and the wild eyes of the lady—of the lady Ligeia!”

### THE OCEAN SHELL.

Gently murmuring from the main,  
The rippling waters gaily come,  
While echoing sea-shells catch their strain,  
And give the truant sounds a home;

Within their painted folds to dwell,  
And ever sing their deep-sea song  
Whose wildest numbers constant swell  
Where nought but ocean spirits throng.

And e'en when sought by curious eyes,  
'Tis borne far from the glitt'ring shore,  
The faithful shell forever sighs  
In memory of the ocean's roar.

Thus, even as the constant shell  
That ceaseless rings a lonely tone,  
My heart doth know one only spell,—  
That spell—ah! dearest,—'tis thine own.

Baltimore, Md.

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VOL. I.—4

## NIAGARA.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Describe Niagara!—Ah, who shall dare  
 Attempt the indescribable, and train  
 Thought's fragile wings to skim the heavy air  
 Wet with the cataract's incessant rain?  
 The glowing “muse of fire,” invoked in vain  
 By Shakspeare, who shall hope from Heaven to win?  
 And “burning words” alone become the strain  
 Which to the mind would bring the awful din  
 Where seas in thunder fall, and eddying oceans spin.

Long had the savage on thy glorious shroud  
 Fringed with vast foam-wreaths, gazed with stoic eye,—  
 And deemed that on thy rising rainbow cloud  
 The wings of the Great Spirit hovered nigh;  
 And, as he marked the solemn woods reply  
 In echoes to thy rolling thunder-tone,  
 He heard *His* voice upon the breeze go by,  
 And his heart bowed,—for to the heart alone  
 God, speaking through His works, makes what He utters known.

But ages passed away—and to the West  
 Came Europe's sons to seek for fame or gold,  
 And one, perchance, more daring than the rest  
 Lured by the chase, or by strange stories told  
 By Indian guide of oceans downward rolled,  
 Felt on his throbbing ear thy far off roar,  
 Then sped the mighty wonder to behold,  
 Thy voice around him, and thy cloud before,  
 Till breathless—trembling—wrapped—he trod thy foaming shore.

Upward he gazed to where, with furious hiss,  
 Thy waters spurn the precipice, and leap  
 Into the vexed and indistinct abyss,  
 Where Rage and Tumult ceaseless battle keep,  
 Filling with roar monotonous and deep  
 The wearied echo;—there he fixed his gaze  
 Like one entranced who fears to break his sleep,  
 Lest the wild vision fade that sleep doth raise,  
 All thought locked up and chained in stern and strange amaze.

Till slowly rallying from the first surprise,  
 Thought from its magic prison breaks at last,—  
 He gazes from the foam-whirl, lifts his eyes  
 And scans thine whole arena wild and vast;  
 From point to point his eager glances cast  
 Take by degrees thy wide circumference in,  
 And as his speechless wonder slowly passed,  
 Delight succeeded, deep, intense and keen,  
 Heart, soul and sense absorbed in that unrivalled scene.

Then through his mind like lightning flashed the thought  
 Once o'er the Patriarch's soul in Bethel thrown,  
 "Sure God is with me, and I knew it not,"—  
 I see His power in yon majestic zone  
 Of mighty waters, and its thunder tone  
 Brings to mine ear His voice,—and deeply felt,  
 And almost seen, His Presence reigns alone.—  
 Then meekly by the rock the wanderer knelt,  
 Feeling in awe and love his heart's full fountain melt.

And long with shaded eye and bended head  
 He prayed before that Temple's wondrous veil,  
 Whilst from its foot in ceaseless eddies spread  
 The mist-cloud rose, like incense, on the gale;  
 And half he deemed that on its pinions frail  
 His prayers upborne would blessed acceptance know—  
 He rose, with gladdened eye and heart, to hail  
 Mercy's fair type and seal, the rainbow's glow  
 Spanning with calm embrace the troubled scene below.

And when the westering day-beam warned him back,  
 Lingering he stood, as spell-bound by the strain,  
 And oft he started on his homeward track,  
 And oft returned one parting glance to gain;  
 And twilight had usurped its fitful reign  
 Ere to thy foam his last farewell he bade,  
 Then like an arrow o'er the woody plain  
 Homeward he hurried through the deepening shade,  
 Again in dreams to view thy wonders round him spread.

And oft alone, and oft with friends he came  
 To scan thy charms, and worship at thy shrine,  
 And feel again devotion's hallowed flame  
 Blaze in thy presence fanned with breath divine;  
 And oft from morning until day's decline  
 He sat and mused beside thee, for his eye  
 Saw nowhere majesty and grace like thine;  
 And in his soul thy mighty minstrelsy  
 Woke stern and glorious thoughts, and visions wild and high.

In silence long forgot the wanderer sleeps;—  
 But still, as when thou met'st his startled gaze,  
 Thy glorious scene the heart in wonder steeps  
 Of him who seeks thee in these later days:—  
 Sublime in simple grandeur! Art can raise  
 No rival to thy throne, nor words convey  
 Thine image to the mind, though noblest lays  
 Have vied in thy description. Day by day  
 Of God thy glories speak, and never shall decay.

*Boston.*

## A MEMORY.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Oh God! that mak'st the skies thy home—  
This heavenly and eternal dome!

    Lord of the better land!  
Who sittest on thy throne of gold  
Amid their anthem voices roll'd  
    From thy great choral band!

Great Power! whose step is with the stars,  
Those bright, and swift, and fervid cars  
    That waft thy glories out—  
Whose walk is with the angel throng  
That pours from unseen harps along  
    Its everlasting shout!

Here at thy footstool I bow down—  
Thou wilt not *all* my prayers disown,  
    Nor still them as they rise—  
For as thy promises are sure,  
Thou hearest where the *heart* is pure,  
    The mean the sacrifice.

Thou art the arbiter of Fate—  
Like midnight from thy cloudy state  
    Treads the dim messenger—  
And thou the gracious Father art,  
And when the lights of Earth depart,  
    Thou art the Comforter!

Thou art the God that veils the heaven,  
And guides the fiery tempest, driven  
    To desolate mankind—  
And thou the God that robes the sky  
In all that blest serenity  
    The tempest leaves behind!

Thou bids't the sun to kindle up  
The flame of death. Man drains the cup  
Of mad'ning white despair—  
Thou bidst the summer gales to woo—  
And whisper down the sparkling blue  
    That health rides through the air!

And thou cans't make the world look drear  
And comfortless—and proud men fear  
    E'en on their iron thrones—  
Then waves thy regal wand again,  
And joy is on the brows of men,  
    And songs are heard for moans.

Thou too canst bid the face grow pale  
Under that dull mysterious veil—

And make the pulses still—  
 Again the breathing rose shall come  
 Like flowers that spring around a tomb—  
 At thy resistless will!

'Tis thine to make the hard eye glisten,  
 When friends at the low pillow listen,  
 As life fleets fast away—  
 And thine the dying eye grow bright  
 As it drinks in the coming light  
 Of everlasting day!

O God! thou lay'st the lovely low—  
 With hope just breaking on their brow,  
 And when their years are few—  
 Just as earth's warmer sympathy  
 Steals round them, they are call'd to Thee,  
 Off to the fadeless blue!

Father! and must such starry eyes,  
 That on our path like morning rise,  
 Life's journey to illume,  
 Go thus to gem a conqueror's crown,  
 To gleam beneath a tyrant's frown—  
 To lighten up a tomb!

\*       \*       \*       \*  
 Pang after pang it came—and yet,  
 While the uplifted eye was wet  
 With a new agony,  
 Another, and another blow  
 Sent victims to the worm below,  
 Darkly and silently!

Like flowers whose silent hour is past,  
 They wither'd in that morning blast  
 That sweeps the brave and bright—  
 No tempest revelry was there—  
 It was the stealing wintry air  
 Which bow'd them to their blight!

So death came gently on that band,  
 Wooing from life in accents bland—  
 His was no tale of fear—  
 He could not in his hour of might,  
 Quench in the soul the fadeless light  
 Which heaven had kindled there!

O! what a proud inheritance!  
 To which the spirit hastens hence,  
 When earthly dreams are done—  
 And passing from this stormy land,  
 It soars to glory and command,  
 And a splendour but begun!

New York.

## THE ATLANTIS.

*A Southern World,—or a Wonderful Continent,—discovered in the great Southern Ocean, and supposed to be the Atlantis of Plato, or the Terra Australis Incognita of Dr. Swift, during a voyage conducted by Alonzo Pinzon, Commander of the American Metal Ship Astrea.*

BY PETER PROSPERO, L. L. D.; M. A.; P. S.

Salve, magna Parens frugum, Saturnia Tellus!  
Magna virum; tibi res antique laudis et artis,  
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

VIRGIL.

## CHAPTER I.

*The origin of my enterprise.*

As I am undertaking, gentle reader, to give thee an account, if not of a circumnavigation of the globe, at least of the most singular voyage, and most wonderful discovery ever made in the world, not excepting that of Columbus, it is but due courtesy, to gratify thy rational curiosity by informing thee of that process of thought and reasoning by which I was led to the conception of the bold and sublime enterprise. Know, then, that from my earliest years, my ruling passion has been a desire after knowledge, and my whole time has been sedulously devoted to study and reflection. I had the happiness to be born in the state of North Carolina, one of the southern divisions of our great republic, and to be descended from Anglo-Saxon ancestors. My parents, who were not without a relish of elegant literature, and a strong conviction of the immense advantages of education, allowed an unrestrained indulgence of my ardent propensity for reading. Whether, therefore, I was stationed in winter at the domestic fireside, or in summer under the shade of a tree, amidst the bustle of a school-room, or in the quiet seclusion of collegiate life, my book was always my most constant companion, and the best classical productions in Greek, Latin, English and French, were successively perused with rapture. In pursuit of science, I was not contented with that superficial knowledge which seems to satiate the desires and terminate the labors of too many votaries of literature, at the present day; but when I undertook the investigation of any particular branch, I endeavoured to penetrate to its lowest foundations, fathom all its depths and compass its most extended boundaries. Instead of wasting the powers of my understanding in

attaining a partial acquaintance with every branch of science, and learning to talk volubly and write plausibly about every topic of polite learning, after that rapid glance at the whole circle which is comprised in a collegiate course, I aimed at a thorough mastery of the few to which I seemed to be most strongly prompted by natural inclination, and acquired habits of thinking and enjoyment. Through this process, I essayed to whet into the keenest edge of discernment, and address the native faculties of my mind, and communicate to them all the energy and perspicuity of which they were susceptible. And I avail myself of this opportunity to remark, that this appears to me to be the only method of study by which the minds of men can be successfully cultured and useful attainments made; and, on these accounts, is to be most earnestly recommended to all the cultivators of learning and aspirants after excellence in the elegant and useful arts.

During the prosecution of my studies and the perusal of ancient and modern authors, I had remarked, that no theologians or writers of history and antiquities, had ever been able to determine in what portion of our globe was situated the Ultima Thule of the classic authors, or the land of Ophir, from which large quantities of gold were imported into Palestine in the time of Solomon. Some supposed this valuable treasure to have been derived from the east, and others from the west, some from Spain, and others from Africa, some from Britain, and others from regions still more remote than England, in the north of Europe. In the Timeus and other works of Plato, I found it stated as a fact, that when Pythagoras was in Egypt, he was told by her learned men of a large and populous island, denominated Atlantis, which lay in the Western Ocean, and had been inhabited by a great and powerful nation, long anterior to the commencement of Grecian history. When to these distinct and significant indications, denoting the existence of some wonderful community in the southern and western world, I added the typical, but satisfactory allusion to it in the authentic memoirs of the "Tale of a Tub," by Doctor Swift, in which he maintains that there lies in that direction an immense continent, designated as the "Terra Australis Incognita," which had been cantoned into various departments by Lord Peter, and advantageously sold to successive emigrants, all of whom were shipwrecked on their passage. I came to a definitive conclusion, that the voyages of Columbus and his rivals in navigation, had not completed the discoveries to be made in the Southern Hemisphere. It appeared evident to my mind, that some continent or large island, distinguished by wonderful peculiarities, and inhabit-

ed by a remarkable people, remained to be explored by the enterprise and perseverance of the inquisitive and skilful. By frequently revolving these reflections in my mind, a kind of presentiment was awakened, that I should become the projector and executor of a great undertaking by which a new world, more extraordinary than America, would be revealed to mankind, and those hitherto impassable barriers surmounted which preclude our access to the Southern and Northern Pole.

After first conceiving the hint upon this important subject, my imagination brooded over the enterprise until at length I became so inflamed with enthusiasm, that in the year 1835, I resolved no longer to procrastinate the period of its commencement. Accordingly, having an ample fortune at my disposal, I knew of no method by which I could more usefully devote it to the service of my fellow-men, than in making preparation for this voyage of discovery. The first question which recurred that was difficult of solution, related to the best means to be adopted in order to navigate successfully and safely, the Polar regions of the south. As I had seen all the expeditions to the north fitted out by British liberality for similar purposes, defeated, or limited in their success, by the extreme cold of those climates, I had concluded, that if ever the Polar seas were explored, it must be by steam ships, or some mode of navigation which is preferable to these. About this time was suggested the idea of constructing wheels which would move of themselves, and transport the largest carriages or boats by the influence of the magnet and its tendency to attract iron. I seized upon this suggestion with the utmost avidity, and after many experiments made with captain Pinzon, a lineal descendant of the celebrated companion of Columbus, and animated by the same spirit which displayed itself in that great navigator, we came to the conclusion, that a vessel might be propelled in this way, not only with more safety, but with greater velocity, than had ever before been witnessed upon the ocean. Captain Pinzon was now commissioned to select skilful workmen and a master mechanic, who should immediately commence the structure of our magnetic ship, and after various delays, occasioned by difficulties in collecting the materials, procuring provisions and seamen for the voyage, accumulating a small but select library, and philosophical apparatus for our entertainment upon the passage, we found ourselves upon the banks of Trent River, near Newbern, in North Carolina, ready to take our departure, upon the 4th of July, 1836. After celebrating this great anniversary of our independence with our fellow-citizens,

amidst the greatest hilarity, and partaking of its festivity with a zest we had never before experienced, we departed in the afternoon amidst the benedictions of numerous friends and the acclamations of the multitude. Seeming to proceed by magical influence, we soon passed, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, through Pamlico sound and Ocracoke bar into the Atlantic Ocean. Our ship, which was about the size of the boats that ply their courses in the Delaware and the Hudson, moved majestically through the deep, and appeared to claim the homage which is due to the great genius of Fulton, to whose exertions are mankind indebted not only for the invention of the steamboat, but for all those improvements in navigation and locomotion which shall arise out of it. Proceeding at the rate of fifteen or twenty, and when aided by winds and currents, thirty miles an hour, we soon reached the extremity of the United States, entered the gulf of Mexico, stopt for amusement at Havanna, thence proceeded along the coast of South America, and soon found ourselves at the mouth of the great river La Plata. Intending to avail ourselves of the whole warmth afforded by the sun upon its return from the equator towards the southern Tropic, we remained in the delightful climate of Buenos Ayres, enjoying the hospitality of the inhabitants and the admiration bestowed upon our curious invention, until the beginning of October, at which time we renewed our voyage with favourable auspices, and under the most exulting hopes. From this period nothing occurred which is worthy of record, until passing by Terra del Fuego and Cape Horn, we had directed our course due south to the sixtieth degree of south latitude. Here our thermometer, which had hitherto denoted a temperate warmth, began rapidly to descend, and we were encountered by masses of floating ice which rendered our progress difficult and precarious. Before we reached the sixty-fifth degree of latitude, we saw at various distances those immense icebergs, which it required all our address and skill to avoid, which rendered some miles circuit necessary to compass them, and from the irresistible force of which, we were repeatedly involved in the greatest danger. In this conflict with icebergs, however, we found the full advantage of our new and voluntary mode of navigation. Being able to advance or recede at our pleasure, we eluded the attacks of these formidable enemies, and in spite of cold, storms and tempests, advanced triumphantly on our way, until in latitude seventy, when Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at  $30^{\circ}$  below zero, and we began to sink into despair, a series of phenomena were presented totally unknown to science and in the

highest degree interesting to the philosophical observer. From a region of intense and intolerable cold and tempestuous weather, we were transported to a thick and murky atmosphere, in the gloomy and darkened state of which, we found respiration difficult, all our senses seemed disordered, and through the gloom every frightful and fantastic form floated that could be conceived as crude and monstrous. During our passage through this tract of ocean, all our usual prescriptions were suspended, and we sank into what appeared an incurable slumber, or deliquium. How long we continued in this anomalous state of being, it was impossible to calculate. But as the ship, from her peculiar construction, continued her course with the usual velocity, we soon found ourselves aroused from this lethargic and painful condition, and wafted into a region in which the air was not only respirable, but inconceivably soft and bland, and the light more sweet and serene than we had ever before beheld. The whole ocean and sky seemed now to beam with a smile as enrapturing as any idea we can form of heaven. From the facts which I have just stated, captain Pinzon and I agreed in the inference, that the reason why no navigators in these waters, have ever explored the country whose wonders I shall now unfold, is, either that they have been deterred from advancing through the icy regions before described, or that when they came into this air at first irrespirable by human organs, they have perished under its influence, inasmuch as the vessels in which they voyaged, not borne forward as ours by the new contrivance, have been arrested in their progress, and thus left them without the power of revival. Let captain Wilks, the commander of the squadron just despatched to these regions by the American government, and his assistant officers, who are to conduct this exploration of the South Seas, to whom we have communicated these facts, take warning from our experience, and be upon their guard against fatal disasters, when they shall pass beyond the latitude of seventy degrees south. Should they be able safely to pass over this irrespirable tract of ocean, all the wonders and glories of Saturnia, will be revealed to them.

## CHAPTER II.

*Our arrival at Saturnia.*

No sooner had we been aroused from the state of unconsciousness, which was mentioned in our last chapter, than we seemed to be awakened into a new and more rapturous existence, and wafted into an elysian or Paradisal scene. When thoroughly revived from our temporary slumber, our minds and bodies had undergone a renovation, all the senses had become more acute and susceptible of pleasure, and all the perceptions of the understanding more clear, satisfactory and enlivening. In this state of untried enjoyment, the vicissitudes of which had excited superstitious alarms in some of our crew, and the most sanguine expectations in others, we continued our course due south, not doubting that our labours would at length be crowned with the most signal results. We had proceeded in this direction but a few hours longer, when to our equal astonishment, admiration and delight, we descried land, and soon found that we were approaching the mouth of a noble river, like the Hudson, through which vessels moving like our own and magnificently constructed, were passing and repassing, at once apprising us of our vicinity to a large capital. Upon each side of this river, at its mouth, which appeared about two miles wide, were stationed two superb light-houses to guide mariners in the night, and in the stream were placed luminous buoys extending several feet above the surface, which prevented the navigator from deviating out of the channel. Upon entering the river, we perceived on each side a finely cultivated country, neat but commodious farm-houses, magnificent dwellings, beautiful lawns and gardens laid out in the chastest simplicity and most correct taste, and altogether a country in which the allied arts of agriculture, commerce and manufacture had exerted their utmost skill in advancing it to the highest state of improvement and perfection. While regaling ourselves with this sight, and contemplating this delightful residence for man, what was our emotion, when after plying our course about two miles farther within the land, we were ushered into a spacious bay, and the vast panorama of the capital city and its environs, its magnificent buildings, its hills, mountains, valleys and superb monuments of art, were presented to our vision? Vessels and boats of every size and various figures were gliding in every direction through the bay and rivers, while the wharves were thickly crowded with others

loading and unloading—innumerable houses appeared to crown the summits of the hills and hang upon their declivities, the streets were arranged with mathematical exactitude, of spacious dimensions and shaded with beautiful trees, at the same time that numerous streams intersected the city, all the parts of which were connected by durable and splendid bridges, that in their construction, indicated the highest progress in the arts. Over our heads were floating balloons of all dimensions, that seemed to advance by voluntary effort towards every point of the compass. As far as our sight extended, we saw the steeples of the churches, towers erected for various purposes, a college and observatory, more lofty than we had ever beheld, and whose tops appeared at the moment, to be lost amidst the clouds. Such a vast and sublime assemblage of objects, at once bursting upon our view, seemed to present to us the image of the New Jerusalem, as depicted in the Revelations, and threw mein to an ecstasy of enjoyment, from which I did not recover until under the guidance of captain Pinzon. Our ship was safely fastened to the wharf of that town, to which we afterwards discovered the inhabitants had affixed the name of Saturnia, the capital city of the republic of Atlantis.

## CHAPTER III.

*My removal to a Hotel.*

NOTHING could exceed the astonishment which was excited by our arrival at Saturnia; the wharf was soon crowded with innumerable spectators, wondering by what contingency we could have escaped the perils of the deep, and have performed so unheard-of a voyage, and the news of this strange event spread rapidly to the remotest quarters of the town—I was equally surprised at the novelty of the objects now presented to my observation, the neatness and elegance of the place, as well as the decency, order and regularity with which every thing seemed to be conducted. The men and women presented the most comely and well-proportioned figures I had ever beheld and were remarkably well dressed; the wharves and houses, constructed of the best stone and marble, were truly magnificent, and the streets, promenades, arbours, parks and pleasure grounds, seemed to be laid out with all the taste and judgment which could be displayed in the workmanship of the most enlightened and scientific artizans and mechanics.—Not a vessel with sails floated within view, and the whole business of commerce and navigation is here con-

ducted by vessels and boats which like our own, moved spontaneously through the waters. Here was more than realized, the bold declaration of Fitch, an ingenious mechanic of New-Jersey, who, above a half a century ago, predicted to the legislature of that state, that not only would our rivers be navigated by steam, but, that, finally, all commerce and trade between the different nations of the earth would be carried on by this method of communication. I cannot adequately describe the impressions made upon my mind by this singular and wonderful scene. I was rapt into a reverie, or rather an ecstasy of delight—the very air of the place appeared to be unusually pure and ethereal, the sun shone with a more serene splendour, and the heavens seemed to shed around us more select influences. Into what kind of country and climate, I inwardly ejaculated, 'have I been transported? To ascertain this, I was now impelled by irresistible curiosity, and my anticipation of the pleasure which awaited me, in this unexpected condition of being, arose to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

My next step was to make efforts to disembark, and obtain an agreeable place of residence in the city. Calling for a porter, to bear my trunks and baggage to the most approved hotel, several men of this order immediately presented themselves, who, from the conversation which passed between them I learned were called by the names of Nero, Tiberius, Borgia, and Ravaillac,—what mean these appellations? I exclaimed with surprise. These are names to which I have become familiarized in history, and nothing to the credit of the persons who bore them, but I never before had the honour of a personal acquaintance with those notorious gentlemen. Are those titles given you in derision, or by way of punishment for any offences you may have committed in this extraordinary world, into which I have been so unexpectedly introduced? These are the names we bore, replied they, holding down their heads, in our former state of being, that world from which, we presume, you have just arrived, and we are but too glad to exercise our present vocations, since we have just been released from very severe punishments to which we were condemned for the parts we performed in our former state of being. Is it possible, I rejoined, and pray, in what city and country am I now to consider myself; for, it seems to me, as if all that is passing before my eyes, are but disturbed visions of the night. Oh! sir, replied Nero, this is the city of Saturnia and country of Atlantis, the most outlandish and detestable abode that ever gentlemen were constrained to inhabit: all things are sadly

altered since those glorious days when I and Tiberius were emperors in Rome. To distribute justice, as they call it, emperors, kings, popes, cardinals, lords, bishops, and all the great men of former times, are here condemned to the most ignominious punishments, and then compelled to labour on the highways or become porters, waiters, lackeys, carmen, and servants. Now, it might be right to deal in this manner with thieves, robbers, murderers, and villains, among the vile populace, but thus to humble, torment, and trample upon men of high rank and distinction, is intolerable. This singular conversation threw me into a train of profound study and rapt reflection; and I perceived that I had, indeed, reached a land of miracles. What inestimable advantages, thought I, would it be to mankind, did they know that besides that future state which is revealed in Scripture, they would have to pass through such a condition of being—such an intermediate dispensation of good and evil as they find here. In this frame of mind I followed Nero and Tiberius through several squares of the town, until we arrived at the hotel of which we were in quest. This was a magnificent building, constructed with remarkable simplicity and elegance; all the rooms and appurtenances of which were admirably adapted to the convenience and accommodation of travellers and guests. I took possession of one of the best furnished rooms, and determined as soon as possible to commence those inquiries in regard to the government, laws, institutions, manners, religion, science, literature, and arts, of this extraordinary people, of which a full account shall be given in the following chapters.

## CHAPTER IV.

*My meeting with Dr. Franklin, and the proceedings of the Philosophical Society.*

AFTER taking supper I retired to my room to obtain repose, and although from the agitation of my spirits, and extreme excitement of mind, I found some difficulty in composing myself to rest, yet at length I found in that temporary suspension of thought, which takes place in sleep, the relief and refreshment which my exhausted nature required. Upon waking in the morning, and being summoned to breakfast, it is impossible to describe my sensations when I discovered seated at the table by my side the old and valued friend of my father, Dr. Franklin, upon whose knees I had been oftentimes dandled in early life, in whose society I had been inti-

mate, and for whose character I had always entertained unbounded veneration and sincere attachment. He soon recognized me ; and after the warmest salutations, we entered into an interesting conversation, and he promised to introduce me to the acquaintance of the most celebrated men with whom the city of Saturnia abounds. Here, said he, are assembled the great and good of all ages and nations ; they unite the labours of their genius in the structure of science, and the perfection of literature and the arts. Thus they improve the happiness of the human family—bringing with them the wisdom and learning they had accumulated during the limited term of their residence in the lower world, as we here denominate it, they have been adding to their stores of knowledge from age to age. At length, they have attained an elevation in science which is truly wonderful. Here, he continued, with increasing vehemence, here 'genius of all kinds meets a sure and ample reward—here every motive is furnished to stimulate the human mind into honourable and useful exertion. In this admirable republic you will discover no traces of an unequal distribution of good and evil, of rewards and punishments. Here the clouds that formerly hung over the ways of heaven are gradually dispersed, and its justice shines in its native lustre. Here, as far as human fallibility allows, rank, dignity, and station, are equally conferred upon talents and worth, and virtue becomes, in practice, the only true nobility. All vices are adequately punished, all errors and disorders rectified, and all virtues raised and rewarded. In short, he concluded, this is the state of things, after which in the former world, the philanthropist aspired, the patriot toiled, and the hero encountered sufferings and death, while its ideal image occupied the meditations of philosophers, the visions of poets, and the hopes of Christians. Franklin here appeared animated by an enthusiasm which I had never before seen in him, and I caught the infection from his lips. Our conversation became more and more frank, cordial, and interesting, and the interview terminated in his informing me, that as he knew my devotion to scientific and literary pursuits, he would call upon me in the evening, and begin the task of introducing me to the illustrious men of the republic, by taking me to the hall of the Philosophical Society, and giving me an opportunity of attending to their debates, and witnessing their proceedings. In order to the advancement of science in this city, said he, we have instituted societies whose labors are to be severally appropriated to the branches from which they receive their designation. Thus the Philosophical Society, of which I

have just spoken, is exclusively occupied with the departments of natural philosophy and mathematics, the Metaphysical Society with the science of the mind, the Institute of Moral Philosophy with ethics, and the Literary Society with the cultivation of literature. There are also, for similar purposes, theological, medical, chemical, geological and botanical associations, as well as institutes of natural history and political economy, together with an academy of arts. I thanked him cordially for the information which he had been so good as to communicate, and expressed the pleasure I anticipated from our projected visit to the society in the evening.

After taking leave of Dr. Franklin for the time, I passed the morning in riding through the city in a vehicle like an omnibus, which by the same philosophical contrivance as that by which they propelled their vessels, seemed self-moving, and which advanced along the smooth pavement with admirable safety and velocity. I found the streets wide, and beautifully paved with smooth stones, and sidewalks of marble; the houses neat and magnificent, but built in a style of the greatest simplicity, and the inhabitants elegantly clad, but without useless or excessive decoration. When I had ascended the greatest elevations, I came to a square, in which was situated an observatory five hundred feet high, with which is connected the building in whose halls the several philosophical societies hold their sittings, while in the adjoining streets were neat and commodious dwellings, constructed in the several orders of architecture, for all the most celebrated philosophers of ancient and modern times. Here dwelt by each other's side, Newton, Locke, Bacon, Kepler, Gallileo, Gassindi, and the whole list of those who had cultivated natural philosophy, and in due order, came those who had distinguished themselves in the other branches of science. When I cast my eyes over this sublime scene, and beheld in these residences so many monuments reared to the greatest geniuses of the world and benefactors of their race, I could not convince myself that I was not dreaming. In passing forward through other parts of the city, we next beheld still more magnificent structures, erected as the residences of the President of the republic and the different officers of the Government, who were elevated to their present situations on account of their former talents, virtues, and public services. Tyrants and conquerors, and all who had proved themselves traitors to their country and enemies of the human race, those scourges of the nations, were condemned to the most ignominious punishments, while Cicero, Cato, Titus, and the Antonines, Alfred, Henry the Fourth of France,

Washington, and several of our Presidents, with a long list of others, who had been raised to the chair of supreme magistracy. Of these state officers, however, we shall give a more detailed account in the sequel, confining our attention at first to the scientific and literary institutions.

At the appointed hour in the evening Dr. Franklin, according to promise, called in his carriage at my hotel, and took me to the meeting of the Philosophical Society. We were introduced into a large hall, brilliantly illuminated, in which was presented to me a scene which all attempts to describe would be unavailing, but which threw me into a tumult of delightful emotion. At the upper end of the hall upon an elevated seat, sat Newton, who presided this evening in his turn, although the same honour was shared in rotation with Kepler, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Gallileo, Des Cartes, La Place, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and all the most illustrious in this department of science. There was a large assemblage upon this occasion; and the gallery was filled with celebrated ladies, some of whom were honorary members, and were allowed the privilege of having their communications read to the society, when they had been previously examined and approved by a standing committee, appointed for that purpose. The secretary at this time was the great Huygins, the inventor of the clock, who, I was told, had filled this office after Archimedes, Pythagoras, Dr. Halley, La Grange, and others. The first production which was read was written by Des Cartes, and consisted of an inquiry into the cause of gravitation, and the motions of the heavenly bodies. The process of reasoning by which Des Cartes endeavored to reach a definite conclusion upon this topic, was in substance the following: He remarked that there was a sufficient ground for the opinion that, in every part of nature, whether found in the earth or heavens, there were the same agents exerting their forces, and the same primordial principles or materials upon which they operate. Thus the motions of the heavenly bodies are, in all probability, produced by the same agent as that by which the sap is made to rise in the tree, the air is set in motion, the fuel consumed in the grate, and the vicissitudes of the seasons are occasioned. Now, this universal agent he maintained to be the electric fluid, pervading the whole system of nature, and reaching to the very centre of the sun and planets, and constituting what Newton conjectured to be a thin elastic medium that might be the cause of gravity. In confirmation of this theory, he referred us to a new planetarium, which he had erected in one of the halls of the observatory, in which he had contrived within a bra-

zen sphere of forty feet diameter, to exhibit all the movements of the planetary system produced by the action of the electric fluid collected in it.

After Des Cartes had finished the reading of his communication, I thought I could perceive in the silence of the members a rather ominous signal of incredulity and dissatisfaction with the principle propounded in it, and the experiment by which their truth was tested. In a few moments, however, a member dressed with unusual elegance, of a Grecian physiognomy, noble countenance, and penetrating eye, who, Dr. Franklin informed me, was Aristotle, arose and proposed to refer the subject to the consideration of a committee consisting of three members, appointed by the president, and exclusively devoted to this branch of science; and in consequence Newton nominated Gallileo, La Place, and Dr. Franklin.

The next contribution was a dissertation by Gallileo, in which he balanced the arguments in regard to the two theories concerning light, the one maintaining, that light emanates from the sun as its source, the other, that light as a medium, is diffused through universal nature, and that the sun is the exciting cause which sets its particles in action, and renders objects visible. To the latter of these opinions, Gallileo seemed disposed to adhere. To make report upon this topic, a committee of three were appointed, as chairman of which, at the suggestion of Dr. Halley, Newton was placed, while his two colleagues were Aristotle and Leibnitz. While this affair was on the tapis, Aristotle took occasion to remark, that his doctrine concerning light had been greatly misunderstood by some of his commentators and interpreters, they supposing that he had asserted this fluid to be a property of bodies, while he had strenuously maintained its distinct subsistence as a medium by the action of which upon the senses, objects are rendered visible. He allowed that a very serious objection to the doctrine of its emanation from the sun, is the inconceivable velocity with which under this scheme, it is presumed to travel from that luminary to the earth, and through all the regions of space.

A third piecee was read by the great Leibnitz, the Newton of Germany, in which he proposed to ascertain upon philosophical principles whether the same laws of production, decay, and dissolution to which all animal and vegetable nature are liable upon this earth, are also applicable to the planetary system, and whether that system does not contain within itself the seeds of its own perpetual revivescence and renovation, insomuch that it can come to destruction only by

the fiat of that Omnipotence who created it? In this treatise, Leibnitz held, that the system of nature maintains, at all times, an invariable identity, that the same materials are always comprised within its sphere, the same forces exerted, and the same laws prevalent. That while some of the minuter parts rise, decay and perish, or rather undergo a dissolution, the whole remains unchangeable and eternal, dissolvable only by Him who gave existence to it, and moreover, inasmuch as the immutable attributes of God would prevent him from utterly destroying so beautiful a system as the Solar, it never can and never will be destroyed. In vindicating this doctrine from what some might regard as its hostility to revelation, he maintained that the dogma of the gospel in relation to the great catastrophe of the world, does not imply the destruction, but some grand renovation, or transfiguration which the system is to undergo prior to the appearance of that new heaven and new earth which is to be the consummation of the present order of things. This treatise was referred to the examination of Bacon, Locke and M. Pascal.

After these treatises were disposed of, Dr. Halley read a short disquisition by Newton, in which he essayed to demonstrate the existence of God from the wise adjustments and select laws indicative of contrivance in the planetary system. This was referred to the consideration of Cicero, Paley and Sir Robert Boyle.

Lord Bacon, next, read a tract intended to prove the utter fallacy, and incompatibility with the true method of philosophizing, of all attempts to ascertain the mode in which the universe is formed, or the process by which it originated, and has continued to advance to its present state. He threw the whole assembly into repeated flashes of merriment, when he exposed to contempt and ridicule, the dancing atoms of Democritus and Epicurus, the whirling vortices of Des Cartes and the still more whimsical theory of the Count de Buffon, who ascribed the formation of planets to the concussions of comets against the sun, and in their eccentric movements, striking off fragments from this orb. Nor did he treat with much less severity, the schemes of Burnet and his followers, and of those numerous philosophical romancers who imagine that they can trace the earth to an aqueous or incandescent state, and amidst the various forms of its fossil remains, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, presume to discover indications of progressive stages in improvement, during the successive generations of men and animals. Bacon maintained in this treatise, that upon no principles of the inductive phi-

losophy, have we reason to conclude that the order of nature and its laws were ever materially different from what they are at present. The only method, said he, by which we could ever arrive at a knowledge of the process through which this world was elaborated, would be from analogy, or actual observation of the origin and progress of similar systems. And as this experience is impossible, there are no facts presented by which we can be led back to the conclusion, that the earth presented any specific form, or series of phenomena at its creation by the Almighty. He declared all cosmogonies, therefore, to be nothing better than the unsubstantial visions of ingenious men, or philosophical air bubbles. This work was committed to the scrutiny of Plato, Dr. Samuel Clarke and Bishop Butler.

The proceedings of this meeting, were concluded by the presentation to the society of a piece by Maupertius, in which this French philosopher, adhering to his old whimsies, endeavoured to show, that the most effectual expedient by which the theory of gravitation might be demonstrated, would be to dig a hole to the centre of the earth, and moreover, that the science of the mind may be most successfully cultivated by anatomical dissections of the heads of giants. The reading of this whimsical production, again threw the whole assemblage into an agreeable train of merriment and pleasantry, and in the midst of this comic sensation, the meeting was adjourned, after entrusting Maupertius' intellectual offspring to the scrutiny of Voltaire, Frederick of Prussia, and Archimedes.

Thus passed my second evening in the renowned city of Saturnia and in the republic of Atlantis. When I cast my eyes around upon this illustrious assembly, I felt like the Gauls upon approaching the Roman Senate, as if in a collection of divinities, and that, with infinite satisfaction, I could spend an eternity in such company.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### *My visit to Dr. Franklin.*

THE next morning while I was partaking of an agreeable breakfast, I received an invitation from Dr. Franklin to dine with him, that day, at four o'clock, as he expected several of his friends to form a party at his house, with whose acquaintance and conversation, he presumed, I would be much gratified.

Accordingly, having been transported to his house at the appointed hour, I was conducted into a parlour suffi-

ciently spacious, and furnished in a style of simple elegance, suited to the taste and habits of a philosopher. Upon my entrance I was introduced to Mrs. Franklin and the sons and daughters of the venerable sage, by his present wife, who were remarkably prepossessing in their appearance, and, as I afterwards found, of distinguished intellectual and moral properties. Upon subsequent inquiry, I discovered that the Dr., in the selection of a spouse for his new state of existence, had realized a dream which he had imagined during his residence as American Minister in Paris. It is reported that while he was a widower at the French capital, becoming enamoured of Madam Helvetius, who had lost her husband, and finding her inclinations unfavorable to his hopes, as one of the expedients he adopted to win her affections, with his usual wit and pleasantry, he had sent her a dream which he had dreamed, in which he represented himself as conveyed into Elysium, and upon his commencing an acquaintance with the shades below, he found that Helvetius, the husband of the lady, and the former Mrs. Franklin, since their arrival in those realms, had contracted a matrimonial alliance. His proposal therefore to Madam Helvetius was, that since their partners had already forgotten and deserted them below, they should take their revenge by forming a similar union above. Many a hint given in jest leads to its verification in real fact. Although Madam Helvetius was not won in Paris by the humorous suggestion of Dr. Franklin, yet, it appears, that when she discovered upon her arrival in Saturnia that Mr. Helvetius had consoled himself for her loss by a matrimonial union with Mrs. Franklin, she lent a more patient ear to the application of the Dr., while he found in her society an ample requital for the desertion of his former spouse. Indeed, whether or not it be regarded as a compliment to the morals and sensibility of the Saturnians and people of Atlantis, it is certain that the gentlemen and ladies of this republic are seldom known to take as their new wives and husbands those who had sustained that relation to them in their former state. Perhaps this singular result may be ascribed to that fondness for novelty so prevalent among our race; perhaps to a remembrance of former contests, dissensions, and disagreements, which they were unwilling to renew; and, perhaps, to those hopes, so often delusive, that cling most pertinaciously to the human heart, that in new connections they shall be able to escape those anxieties, crosses, and miseries, by which married life had been previously embittered. Whatever may be the cause or causes of these effects, certain it is that very few of the Atlantians are

married to their former wives, except in those cases in which they had been severed from each other by death, either before or immediately after they had passed through the honeymoon. Lovers, indeed, who had poured forth many songs in celebrating the angelic virtues and perfections of their mistresses, but had been unable to obtain them from untoward fortune, are sufficiently eager in the renewal of their addresses, and not unfrequently meet the reward of their devotions in the relentings of the fair idols. But of all those persons with whom I became acquainted in Saturnia, scarcely any were so closely knitted in affection to their former companions as not to prefer venturing upon untried hazards in the sea of matrimony, rather than encounter the sure and certain ills they previously experienced. In some instances, persons of both sexes who had obtained partners not from their personal charms or qualifications, but from a respect to their wealth, rank, connexions, influence in society, or any adventitious circumstances, presented their claims to their reluctant help-mates in courts of law and equity, but the validity of such pretensions were always denied by the tribunals, inasmuch, they alleged, as the obligations of the marriage vows, according to the very terms of the contract, terminated at death, and could not extend to this intermediate state between human life and the final resurrection.

But to return to the dinner party assembled at Dr. Franklin's. I was delighted to discover, that besides the family of the philosopher, all the members of which appeared to be animated by intelligence, we were favoured with the company and conversation of the celebrated Edmund Burke and the President Montesquieu, whose work upon the spirit of laws, is so justly regarded as one of the first monuments of human genius. As soon as we were all seated, at table, and the usual ceremonies had been performed, the conversation commenced upon the part of Mr. Burke, who inquired of me the latest news from our republic, and whether our confederated government still presented the prospect of final success. And when in answer to his interrogatories, I informed him of the admirable harmony which prevailed in our councils, of the growing attachment of the people to their Union, of their ready submission to the laws and their glowing enthusiasm for their free institutions, as well as settled determination to maintain them at all hazards, and through all extremities, these three illustrious men, Franklin, Burke and Montesquieu, seemed to derive equal satisfaction, and expressed a most ardent wish that our great experiment would lead to the most important and glorious results in the history of

human affairs. This subject, led us by a natural association of ideas, to a discussion relative to the probable perpetuity of the American confederacy. It was with infinite satisfaction I heard the declaration from Montesquieu, and acceded to by the other philosophical statesmen, that he could perceive no reason, why this government should not become as stable and permanent, and as competent to all purposes of civil regulation, as the monarchial or despotic, in case adequate efforts were made to diffuse intelligence and promote good morals among the community. He still adhered to the principles maintained in his *Spirit of Laws*, in reference to the different forms of government, and entertained no doubt that were the states in the Union in a condition of separation from each other, they would speedily undergo all those changes, and experience all the evils to which the republics of Greece and Rome were subjected. But he distinctly acknowledged, that he considered the American confederacy as a new and interesting experiment, which had no archetype in the ancient or modern world, inasmuch as the system was unheard of, much more wisely adjusted in its several parts, than any previously organized, and made a much nearer approximation to the stable forms of government than any of the democracies of antiquity. He regarded the establishment of a great central government which extends its jurisdiction over the whole country, while its powers are judiciously limited and accurately defined, as a sublime conception in political philosophy, and likely to lead to the most beneficial results. The similitude between our federal system and that of the sun and the planets that revolve around him, which I believe was first traced by general Harper, and has been so often reiterated since, upon the floor of congress, very naturally recurred to this great French jurist and philosopher. He thought that the general government, very aptly adumbrated by the sun, should discreetly adhere to the true analogy of nature, and neither exert too intense an attraction, so as to absorb the state authorities into its vortex, nor too greatly relax its influence so as to allow them to fly from their orbits.

I then requested the opinion of Montesquieu, Burke and Franklin, in regard to the much agitated question concerning the nature of our federal government, whether it should be considered as simply a national government, or a confederation of states, depending for its subsistence upon the obligation of the compact, and leaving each party at liberty to dissolve its connection, and throw off its allegiance at its pleasure. Montesquieu stated it as his opinion, in which the rest concurred, that it is a government neither strictly na-

tional, nor strictly federative, but a system compounded of both ingredients, and blending both properties in its characteristic features. We find this mixed character, said he, imprinted upon its whole frame and constitution; although its national characteristics seem evidently to predominate. But, continued he, whether it be deemed a national, or simply federative system, nothing can be more incontrovertible, than that every state after it has acceded to the terms of the contract, is under the most coercive obligations to yield allegiance to its authority, and implicitly submit to its laws, while it should obtain redress for any grievance complained of by the constitutional provisions. Whether the government be the result of national or state agency, the states are equally bound by its laws, during its continuance. The constitution itself has provided a remedy for the State against a mal-administration, or the oppressive operation upon them of laws partially evil and injurious, by admitting of alterations through an established process, but it has never contemplated the possibility of its own total dissolution, or a voluntary secession of any of its members. The doctrine which upholds the right of nullification, would convert this firm and admirable contrivance into a mere rope of sand, and utterly incompetent to the great and sublime purposes for which it was instituted. Franklin remarked that he ardently hoped no such doctrine would be countenanced or encouraged by any American patriots. Mr. Burke asserted, that when carried out to its legitimate consequences, it was subversive of all government whatever, since, if in a great federative system, a single state could dissolve its connection with the whole either from considerations of interest, passion, prejudice, or caprice, from the same motives and with similar plausibility, any county in a state might withdraw its allegiance from its legislature.

I next inquired about the form of government instituted in Atlantis, and found that after having been subjected to all the several modifications of the patriarchate, aristocracy, monarchy, and despotism, upon the arrival in these dominions of Cicero, Cato, Brutus, and all the illustrious Roman statesmen and patriots, through their influence, aided by Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and the Grecian sages, it had been changed into a republic. This republic modelled upon the Roman plan, had lasted until Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, and their compeers of America, had made their appearance, at which time it was newly constructed upon our federal organization. Dr. Franklin informed me that this immense republic is exactly conformed in its structure to that

of the United States, with some slight modifications arising out of the peculiar circumstances of the country, or which were deemed improvements upon the American scheme. The constitution of the great federal republic is similar to ours, and the whole territory is divided into one hundred different departments of equal extent, and exercising a complete sovereignty within their respective limits, except in reference to those powers which they have transferred to their general government. Their President and Vice President, are elected for four years, their Senate for six, and their House of Representatives for two, while their judicial officers retain their posts during good behaviour. Every state constitution bears a strict analogy to that of the general government, (nature, as Franklin remarked, delighting in analogies,) but the term of office to their rulers is shorter, in order that the popular sentiments may more completely controul them. Upon examination I discovered that while the government remained a monarchy, all the greatest and best men of antiquity had been their sovereigns, such as Numa, Trajan, Titus, Marcus Aurelius, the Antonines, Alfred, and Henry the Fourth of France. After the establishment of the republic upon the Roman model, their consuls were Cicero, Cato, Brutus, and the most illustrious men of that nation, but since the introduction of the American plan, their presidents had been Washington, Jefferson, and other patriots of our country. At the time in which I was with them, General Washington was their President, and it was generally believed that he would be succeeded by General Hamilton, who was deemed one of their purest and most enlightened statesmen.

I next began a conversation with the eldest daughter of Dr. Franklin, who occupied the seat upon my right hand, and whose name was Henrietta, and whose form and features presented to me one of the most perfect models of female beauty I had ever beheld. This conversation was, of course, fertile of materials, and deeply interesting to us both, as she abounded in inquiries concerning the habits and manners of American ladies; and I was extremely anxious to become acquainted with the same particulars in refrence to the city of Saturnia. I remarked to her that I had been already much struck and delighted with the neatness, simplicity, and elegance in the costume of the ladies in Saturnia, and at the same time with the modesty and correctness of their deportment, and the readiness and fluency of their style of speaking. She informed me that there was in Saturnia a kind of prescriptive dress for women, which admitted of but slight

variations, and, that the object of this seemed to be first to cover the body completely, and next to set off its just proportions and decorate it to the greatest advantage. Their clothing, she continued, may be of the richest texture and various colours, according to the taste and circumstances of the wearer; but the discernment of the public repudiates all superfluous ornaments and fantastic appendages. A lady would here be excluded from polite society who should dress herself off in excessive finery, or while encumbered with a load of frippery, should appear solicitous, indecently, to expose her person to the eye of the beholder. A prurient propensity of this kind does sometimes show its form amidst the numberless freaks to which vanity and folly are prone, and from which they seem to derive a frivolous gratification, but they are soon banished by the good sense of the community. Ladies too prodigal of their charms, in the public eye, are branded with the appellation of Armidas, and avoided by all decent people, while the Erminas alone are tolerated in good company. It requires, I said, an excellent preparation by previous instruction, to keep alive among women such a just taste in matters of this kind; for I regard the manners of women in a country one of the most infallible standards by which we can determine the degree of improvement, intelligence, and civilization to which a nation has attained. Is there any thing peculiar and commendable in their systems of female education? Yes, she replied, it is not deemed among us, that nature, or the author of nature, has made considerable distinctions between the sexes in their original conformation both of body and mind, nor more in their intellectual than moral qualities. The hardy properties are communicated to man, and the more humane and gentle to woman, as these, respectively, are best suited to their conditions in society, and most accordant to the offices which they are commissioned to perform. But our schemes of education, if they do not recognize in woman precisely the same intellectual powers as are found in man, regard her as endowed with all those ornamental qualities which are calculated to render her his rational companion, and an able instructress of his children. Hence, our young women, in well endowed institutions of learning, are initiated into all the branches of elegant literature, as well as the elements of those departments of science which are ornamental and more readily attained; therefore, while they would conceive it beneath the dignity of their station and elevation of their character, to dress themselves out as dolls when they appear in the company of men, as if they were their slaves and mere automata to be moved at their pleasure, they equally

despise that light and frivolous style of conversation, from which no useful knowledge is to be derived, from which, in fact, all good sense is excluded, and in which nonsense rattles amidst emptiness and vanity. Our ladies, indeed, by no means, refuse themselves the amusements of wit and pleasantry : they dance, sing, play upon instruments of all kinds, read the most amusing works in prose and poetry, criticise them in conversation, and attend the exhibition of the most finished productions of the drama, and discover an acumen not inferior ‘to our men’s,’ in distinguishing the beauties and blemishes both of writers and performers. But they participate in such pleasures rather as the condiment to more solid viands, and not as the principal ingredient in their daily enjoyment. It is by no means uncommon among them, in their parties, to hear them discuss with great acuteness subjects of history, antiquity, questions in natural and moral philosophy, the knotty points of theology, and all the most interesting topics of polite literature. The very last time I was in company at Dr. Samuel Johnson’s, whose wife collected a large assemblage of literary gentlemen and ladies at her house, considerable earnestness and capacity were displayed in determining whether in dramatic compositions an attention or a slavish adherence to the three unities of time, place, and action, is to be recommended. Dr. Johnson still maintained its inexpediency, and Mr. Addison took the opposite side of the controversy. But what most surprised me was, the declaration of Mr. Pope, that he had had a conversation with Aristotle himself upon this very topic, and that he denied having ever maintained this doctrine to the extent in which it has been ascribed to him by his followers and admirers. Every person, he averred, who is acquainted with the operations of the human mind, and can penetrate into the sources of its pains and pleasures, must know that the nearer we can approximate to these unities, in accordance to nature, the more deep and pungent will be the interest we shall take in the events. Unity of action is indispensable since if the attention of the mind is distracted by several great transactions, instead of being fastened upon one, the concern which it would feel in it would be diminished; if not entirely dispersed. But, in regard to place and time, although it may not be advisable to shift the scene unnecessarily, and with wanton variation, yet too close an attention to them may lead the dramatist into greater violations of nature and deprive him of greater advantages than could result from an utter disregard of all such artificial restraints. What more forced

and unnatural, said Aristotle, than to comprise great transactions within the space of a few hours, and compress them into the compass of the same room "or scene." The power of vision is not the only one which men can exercise in these exhibitions, the imagination is presumed to be the predominant faculty, and by its quick and magic influence we are easily transported, as in Shakspeare, from Rome to Philippi, and from Venice to Cyprus. And do we take less interest in a course of events which transpires during a few months or even years, than if it had passed in a single day or in a few hours? All that I maintain in my works, continued Aristotle, is, that due attention is to be paid to the unities of action, time, and place, so as not unnecessarily to divide the attention of the mind, or too widely separate from each other the objects of interest; and by this means weaken the impression, allow the subject to lose its hold upon our affections, and by distracting our solicitudes from undue diffusion through time and space, cause them to evaporate.

You awake in me, said I, to Miss Franklin, an ardent desire to partake the pleasures of such intellectual society. You shall soon have that enjoyment, replied she, for to-morrow evening Mrs. Addison is to give a party of the same kind, at her house, and I shall have great satisfaction in introducing you as a stranger and the old friend of my father, which I am sure will be sufficient recommendations to that family. I thanked her for her politeness, and remarked, you speak to me of Mrs. Samuel Johnson and Mrs. Addison, and pray who are these ladies, who have the honour to claim such illustrious names? Dr. Johnson, she replied, not long since, married Miss Hannah Moore, and Mr. Addison, after sustaining some persecution from the Countess of Warwick who insisted upon her prior claims, had prefered as his present spouse, a beautiful and accomplished daughter of John Milton. And what has become of Mrs. Johnson? said I quickly, surely the venerable sage has not allowed her to suffer, or want a companion and support in this wonderful state of being. Oh! she replied, she was well satisfied to put herself under the matrimonial yoke of Mr. Boswell, who still retains all his admiration of his great Apollo, and devotes himself very faithfully to the jurisdiction of this sacred relict of his friend.

Dinner was now ended and the ladies retired, after which we continued but a very short time, as our whole entertainment, although rich and abundant, was in philosophical style; our wines were excellent, but partaken in moderation; and all the manners, ceremonies and conversation of the parties,

characterised by that simplicity, affability and unostentatious grace and elegance, which are the surest indications of just taste and superior intelligence. I departed, therefore, after paying my compliments to our illustrious companions, and fervently desiring still further correspondence with them, under the agreeable expectation of attending Miss Franklin, the next evening, to the assembly of Mrs. Addison.

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### THE WITHERED GERANIUM.

Tell him my heart is with him still  
 Tho' many days have passed,  
 Since in my pride and happiness  
 I gazed upon him last.  
 That all the love this bosom knew  
 When life was young and fair,  
 And his dear smile upon me beamed,  
 Is still unchanging there.

Go tell him that I treasured thee,  
 And loved thee for his sake,  
 And how when by my warm heart laid,  
 Its pulses thou would'st wake.  
 O say how many a burning tale,  
 Thy little leaves have known,  
 To that of pure and fadeless love,  
 For him and him alone.—

Go tell that I saw thee die,  
 When growing faint and weak,  
 And pressed thee still with thoughts of love,  
 Close to my hectic cheek.  
 And trembled when the thought would come  
 That from the parent tree,  
 He pluck'd thee first with his own hand,  
 Then gave thee up to me.

Go tell him that the rosy bower,  
 Has lost its summer bloom,  
 And she who sat within its shade,  
 Is ripening for the tomb.  
 O tell him that I send thee back,  
 A faded gift to him,  
 To cast his kindling eye upon,  
 Long after mine is dim.

c.

## BYRON.

### AN EXTRACT FROM GERALDINE.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

Byron! high priest of nature, self-abased  
In the great caste thou could'st not wholly lose,  
Thou problem of humanity—I've traced  
The tangled thread, with all its misty hues,  
That bound thy complex being, and reversed  
In the mirage of mind what nature nursed.

Endowed with faculties whose reach of thought  
Could grasp all knowledge—with a mind whose eye  
Looked into nature, with a bosom fraught  
With animal passion and kind sympathy;  
How could'st thou help spreading thy mighty wings,  
And soaring upward among brighter things;

And bearing with thee in thy heavenward flight,  
That love imagination wrought below,  
That it might bear a touch of purer light,  
And coincide with what the angels know,  
Within that luminous ocean, where all rays  
Converge to one intoxicating blaze?

Oh God! that one should fall from such a height,  
On the Dædalian wings of human thought,  
Which, even, as they rise above our sight,  
Melt, while the mind with dizziness o'er fraught,  
Sinks to that hell whence musky vapours rise,  
In blasphemy to curse the innocent skies.

Reason converses with humanity;  
With nought beyond; that reason is a scale  
By which to measure higher things,—'tis vanity  
One moment to pretend. Therefore prevail  
Iron-hearted doubt and Atheism's brood,  
And truth profaned by falsehood's hardihood.

Such is the rock that wrecks so many, lost  
On the wide sea of speculative daring,  
Here Shelly foundered, Byron too was lost,  
A fate so many thousands now are sharing,  
Who, had they known the limit of all thought,  
Had never perished in the gulph they sought.

Without the Palinurus of self-science,  
 Byron embarked upon the stormy sea,  
 To adverse breezes hurling his defiance,  
 And dashing up the rainbows on his lee,  
 Or chasing those he made, in wildest mirth,  
 And sending back their images to earth.

He saw Apollo, from the stormy deep,  
 Lift up his water-spouts to scare the flood;  
 He saw him rouse the Python from his sleep,  
 And deluge superstition in her blood;  
 Blinded with light, his emulous arrow sheers,  
 And meek Religion bows herself in tears!

Alas! the emptiness of human good!  
 Men drew a picture, false in light and shade,  
 And held it up as his similitude;  
 And Byron chose *to be* the thing they made.  
 Thus reputation often may confer  
 On men an artificial character.

Voltaire, while yet a boy, was told that he  
 Was marked for something strange, that he would bear  
 The rallying flag of infidelity;  
 From that time forth, it was his earnest care  
 To flatter that bad hope. He did, and died:  
 Here are a thousand histories side by side.  
*New York.*

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### S T A N Z A S .

Some poets dwell, in rapture's spell,  
 On the cloudy blazonry  
 Whose crimson dies wrap sunset skies  
 In their gorgeous drapery,  
 But locks of gold whose plaits unfold  
 A brow of snow for me.

Some tune the lay to vesper's ray,  
 Or myriad stars above;  
 Or sing the noon of the full orbed moon,  
 That silvers the stream and grove;  
 But purer far than moon or star,  
 Is the light of the eye of love.

Some love the rush of the streamlet's gush,  
 Or the far-off cascade's bound;  
 Or list the tale of the nightingale,  
 That thrills the forest round;  
 But let me hear from the lip that's dear,  
 The lapse of love's own sound.

## TO ESTELLE.

BY J. H. HEWITT.

Fond partner of my joys and sorrows,  
Companion on life's stormy sea,  
Tho' on my brow Time marks his furrows,  
Still warmly beats my heart for thee.  
The rose that blossomed on thy brow  
In youth's spring time—life's holliday,  
Owns blushing tint and fragrance now  
Untouched by blight or Time's decay.

The mellow moon loves crystal brooks,  
She wraps them in her silver zone;  
Each wavelet to the goddess looks,  
And humbly worships her alone;  
While from her azure throne on high,  
Midst boundless space and stormy mazes  
The orb in silent majesty  
On every limpid streamlet gazes.

So, many a Dian of the day  
Looks brightly down on every one  
Whose heart is kindling in the ray  
That shines on all, yet burns for none.  
All that a fond heart could desire,  
All that devoted love could be;  
All that could feed affection's fire,  
Thou, cherish'd one, hast been to me.

I court life's follies—but to learn  
Their contrast with its harmony;  
To teach my eager soul to yearn  
For holy happiness in thee.  
And when I raise the blushing cup  
In pledge to mutual love divine;  
My spirit quaffs the nectar up,  
And proudly swells for thee and thine.

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. H. CARPENTER.

A STREET IN LONDON.

RALPH WETHERSBY and JOCELYN meeting—the latter walking rapidly is stayed by RALPH.

RALPH.

Whither away good Jocelyn, dost seek  
With some fair girl to keep appointed tryst;  
Or hath some modish courtier high in oath,  
Drank courage in with potent draughts of sack,  
And with his varlets chased thee?

JOCELYN. Stand aside,

Good Ralph, I cannot tarry now to greet  
Thy friendly questioning. A few hours hence  
Perchance the time may be more opportune,  
'Till then farewell.

RALPH. Nay, an' thou goest thus,  
I ween some maiden hath been whistling thee  
To perch upon her finger.—It is now  
But early dusk, and surely she can spare  
A few odd minutes spent upon the way—  
With one who fain would hold a private talk,  
Nor seeks to hold it long.

JOCELYN. Tush, let me pass.

RALPH.

Why now I know thou seek'st some lady fair  
For whom all others are forgotten quite—  
'Twas but a minute since, the goldsmith's niece  
Whom once thou didst affect because her hair  
Was lustrous, and her eyes a modest blue.—  
So thou didst call them—though in truth they were  
Plain grey—in truth none other than plain grey.  
By the same token that I looked in them,  
And found no tint of blue, this goldsmith's niece  
Did question me of thee most earnestly,  
And bade me seek thee out, and ask of thee,  
Why 'tis thou hast so long a stranger been,  
Where thou wast ever welcome?

JOCELYN.

RALPH. Go to!

Thou art a merry mocker;—but thy tongue  
Must, for brief space of time, a respite give;  
I cannot tarry now.

RALPH. What! wilt thou go

Ere I one half my bidding do discharge?  
Not so, i'faith. A fair dame must not say  
I slight the errands beauty doth impose;  
No, by my gallantry, this will not do,  
Or I shall lose the favour I have won,  
And never more be greeted with a smile.

JOCELYN.

Wilt let me pass?

RALPH. Not with so dark a frown  
Upon thy brow, my friend. What! keep a tryst  
When thou art chased—why thou can't never hope  
To win a fair girl thus. Nay, cheer thee up,  
I have another message, that my word  
Was passed, I would deliver.

JOCELYN. Quick then! Quick!

RALPH.

Patience a virtue is, by sages deemed  
Most sovereign. Wherefore, I prithee keep  
A bridle on thy most impatient thought  
Whilst I unfold what she did bid me tell.

JOCELYN. She!—who?—who?

RALPH.

The vintner's daughter! knowest thou  
The daughter of a vintner?

JOCELYN. Pshaw! give way,  
I have no time for fooling.

RALPH. Well, I wot

My words are sooth—indeed most sooth are they.  
The vintner's daughter called to me but now,  
And with a pleasant speech inquired my health,  
Then spake of thee in a most moving strain,  
And wondered much where thou hadst been of late,  
Who wast not wont to be long absent when  
A lady wished thee near. She named thee, Jocelyn—  
The handsome Jocelyn, whereupon I smiled  
That she should deem thee handsome, when her eyes,  
Had they but scanned my person curiously,  
Had seen a far more personable man  
Than thou whom she called handsome.

JOCELYN. Peace! I say;  
Hast thou nought else but this?

RALPH. Your patient ear,  
Once more, and I have done.

JOCELYN. Say on!—but quick.  
RALPH.

If thou dost not affect the goldsmith's niece,  
And lightly hold'st the vintner's daughter's smile,  
I fain would ask, what thinkest thou of Matilde,  
The foreign merchant's child?

JOCELYN. Hush! do not speak,  
In idle phrase, of that most peerless girl,  
Lest that the friendship I do bear towards thee  
Change to neglect or hate. Thou must not break  
A single jest on her that shall attaint  
Her beauty, modesty, or maiden worth,  
Or any quality that it is meet  
A true-born gentlewoman should possess,  
For if thou dost—thou hast no longer place  
Within this heart of mine.

RALPH. Why here's a coil!  
JOCELYN.

A mistress to her lover is a glass  
That should reflect nought else but purity;  
And he who notes the breath of scandal blur  
Its polished surface—looking idly on  
With folded arms, deserves nor woman's heart,  
Nor honourable name.

RALPH. The string is touched  
But yeilds a sound not over musical  
To one whose ear is nice. Here is a theme  
Most fit for quarrel if at any time  
My words grow soft and silky like my lord's  
Whose pleasure 'tis to speak in courtly phrase,  
And con light sentences from Frenchmen's books,  
Unmindful that our father's precept was,  
To proudly tell the truth whate'er befall.

JOCELYN.  
A goodly precept, Ralph! good even to ye.

RALPH.  
I have bethought me of a piece of news,  
It much imports thy welfare, thou shouldst know.  
Our citizens have striven much and long  
'Gainst the encroachments of these foreigners.  
These merchants of the Hans towns, whom our king  
Hath sought, with partial kindness, to exalt

Above the worthy merchants native born,  
 Which they have borne with dubious patience 'till  
 These vile intruders have usurped each place  
 Of honour or of profit in the state. Noting this,  
 Our citizens do meet to-morrow morn,  
 Or ere our May-day sports and games begin  
 At St. Pauls Cross to, straight, devise some means  
 To win back that prosperity again,  
 Of which these strangers have outwitted us.

JOCELYN.

Ha! will the merchants dare—

RALPH. Nay I say not  
 That evil will grow out of this; and yet  
 Our city folk were never over wise,  
 But rather testy and wrong-headed men,  
 Who give no thought to after consequence  
 While planning present act. The apprentices  
 Thou know'st to be wild, generous, ruffling youths,  
 Quick to conceive an insult, and resent  
 As quickly as the drawn shaft quits the bow;—  
 Warm in their friendships, bitter in their hate,  
 And loving mischief with a school-boy's love.  
 Be it for hate or frolic, or aught else  
 That brings hard blows and jeopardizes life,  
 They're ready, heart and hand.

JOCELYN. And thou wilt join  
 Them in this deed!

RALPH. Why I—

JOCELYN. Thou wilt, thou wilt!

RALPH.

Marry, thou clipp'st me of my word, ere I  
 Can answer yea or nay. I have a foolish wish  
 To keep what honest men call right and wrong  
 Most separate and distinct—deeming "right"  
 To be a lovely thing—and "wrong" most hateful.  
 My mother taught me this, and I have aye  
 Revered my mother's teachings, and she said  
 When "right" and "wrong" are wedded thou wilt find,  
 Ere long, be sure, their offspring will be "chaos."  
 A foul, disjointed thing, wild, turbulent  
 And restless. Wo unto the day when "right"  
 Weds "wrong!"

JOCELYN.

Thy hand, good Ralph, now do I love thee,  
 E'en as my heart's best brother.—For thy thought  
 Is noble, and thy resolution just.

Should the apprentices and citizens  
 Resolve, like well-trained hawks, to make these men—  
 These foreigners their quarry, thou and I,  
 And some few other friends, whom I can trust,  
 Must seek the means whereby to lure them back;  
 And having lured, we'll slip the jesses on,  
 And earnestly press home. Wilt thou join us man?

RALPH.

Most willingly, the more, so that I have  
 A motive which endears me to thy cause,  
 Whereof thou dost not know. I, too, do love  
 A foreigner.

JOCELYN. Thou?

RALPH. 'Tis even so, despite  
 Thy wondering looks.

JOCELYN. A foreign maiden?

RALPH.

Yea, a foreign maiden. Why dost thou gaze  
 As if thy thought said "Out, alas! he's mad."  
 I love a foreign maiden—is there aught  
 So very strange in that?

JOCELYN. Oh! no, no, no.

And yet I deem it strange.—Prithee, her name?

RALPH.

Now, I have almost heart to conjure up  
 Askance-eyed jealousy. Be comforted;  
 'Tis not Matilde, although she's near of kin.

JOCELYN.

Sybil?

RALPH. The same.

JOCELYN. My friend, I give thee joy;  
 A better maiden, or a lovelier,  
 Ne'er roamed green fields to pluck a summer flower.  
 Hast spoke to her of love?

RALPH. Not I, i'faith—

And yet I love her much. On Tuesday last,  
 Was't Tuesday—yea, it was on Tuesday last  
 I first met her; and meeting, looked on her.  
 On Wednesday, by some chance, we met again,  
 I bowed and smiled, and she did meet my smile,  
 With most sweet interest. And yesterday—

JOCELYN.

Well, yesterday, say, what of yesterday?

RALPH.

I trimmed my beard, and donn'd my best array,  
 And having set my bonnet jauntily,

Looked that my points were well and fitly trussed,  
 Then strolld abroad, unheeding where I strolled,  
 Until I halted, most unconsciously,  
 Right opposite the foreign merchant's house ;  
 Then looking up espied the gentle dame,  
 Whom I had met before; I spake, she smiled—  
 And though she nothing spake, yet did her eyes  
 Perform the general office of her tongue,  
 And mutely bid me welcome. We parted ;  
 I hastened with a wilder'd feeling home,  
 Slept none that night, and in the morning found  
 That I was most egregiously in love.

JOCELYN.

A pleasant feeling when that love's returned,  
 But unrequited 'tis an eastern wind  
 That nips the bright buds of young happiness,  
 And leaves the stalk a withered, sapless thing.  
 Farewell! I go to meet the fair Matilde,  
 Who having tarried with her aunt awhile,  
 Returneth home this evening.

RALPH. Fare thee well!

(Exit R. and J. at opposite sides.)

SCENE II.

*An apartment in FITZ MARTYN's house.—Enter FITZ MARTYN, DENNY, SYMONDS, and other merchants.*

FITZ MARTIN, (*speaking as he enters.*)  
 Now out on ye my masters—craven heart  
 Ne'er won adventurous battle. Look ye, sirs,  
 These foreigners, these locusts in the land,  
 Have battened on our substance, while we stood  
 Aghast and wonderstricken. Shall we doff  
 Our caps as they do pass, and give them way?  
 Most humbly greeting them with “save ye friends  
 “ Wilt hire us as your servitors? For we  
 “ Though native born—the children of the soil  
 “ Would fain be bondmen to the stranger, since  
 “ Our royal king hath kindly willed it be.”  
 Or shall we in the spirit or old time,  
 Rise up and bid these pests or quit the land  
 Or tarry at their peril?

DENNY. I am one

Prepared to force them if they do resist.

MERCHANTS. And I, and I.

(Enter RALPH unnoticed.)

SYMONDS. But first they shall disgorge  
The spoil that's garnered up. For is it not  
Wrung from the traffic that was all our own,  
'Ere they did come amongst us?

DENNY. True, most true.  
Their hoarded wares most lawfully are ours.

MERCHANTS.

Aye, aye.

RALPH (*advancing.*) I like not this.

FITZ. What's that?

RALPH. I like not this.

FITZ.

Would'st thou betray our counsels to the king,  
And gain rich guerdon so by giving up  
The names of those around—ha, would'st thou?

RALPH.

Who doubts me?

FITZ. I, and these good masters here,  
Whose several voices have been lifted up  
'Gainst yon intruding aliens.

RALPH. Farewell!

Ye are all too hot for me.

FITZ. Stay, thou shalt  
Not go—mark me—I say thou shalt not go,  
Lest that thy information to the king  
Do raise a storm wind that shall root up all  
Our freshly budding hopes.

RALPH. Go to — thou'rt rash,  
And counsel much dishonour.

FITZ. I wear a sword.

RALPH.

And I—but 'tis for use, not show. Give me  
An honest cause, and it shall cleave as far  
As any here dare follow. An honest cause,  
I say—one that shall grace the action. Not  
A cause like this, in which I think 'twere shame  
To raise a weapon or to lift a hand;  
Fit only for the midnight wassailer,  
When the red wine has drowned his better wit,  
But floated his worst passions. Think of this  
'Ere ye do sow in ill, to reap in grief.  
Good night, and better thoughts to all of ye.

(Exit.)

FITZ (*looking after him.*)  
Now may the lightnings blast thee! 'Tis a good,

A worthy cause, fair sirs—a fitting cause  
 To measure swords for. I do much mislike  
 This fiery gallant—he shall be well watched.  
 Symonds, go, dog his footsteps.

(*Exit SYMONDS.*)

We must have

No waverers now. Sirs, we have waited long,  
 And patiently—too long—too patiently;  
 But reckoning shall come, and we will have  
 A strict accompt for injuries endured.  
 Ha! Denny, thou'rt pale—hath his words moved *thee*?  
 The foremost hound of all this goodly pack,  
 Whose bay was loudest, and whose pace the best;  
 Speak, man—speak ! speak !

DENNY. I do confess some qualms.

FITZ.

A pest—yet pardon me—come hither friend,  
 If thou had'st reared, with toil, a goodly house,  
 And when it most did pleasure *thee*, should'st find  
 That, after all thy pains to make it firm  
 And durable, the mining rats had been,  
 And sapp'd its broad foundations at their base,  
 'Till the whole superstructure trembled. What  
 Would'st do to save it ?

DENNY. First destroy the rats,  
 And then repair my house.

FITZ. Aye, so thou would'st, |  
 And dost not see these merchants are the rats,  
 Who, in the dark, by divers cunning ways,  
 Have weakened at the base that goodly trade,  
 Which we deemed cheaply gained by years of toil.

DENNY.

I see, I see.

1st. MERCHANT. The argument is good:  
 A proper argument.

ALL. We are resolved.

FITZ. Why this looks well, and augurs well, fair sirs;  
 Yet must we not forget to fortify  
 Our present steps by caution.

DENNY. There is one  
 Whose good will it would pleasure me to have;  
 Though in our quarrel he should take no part—  
 For he is loved by the apprentices,  
 And hath the power to sway them at his will.

FITZ. Of whom dost speak?

DENNY. Jocelyn.

FITZ. Well bethought!

Within there, quick.

(Enter SERVANT.)

Bid Sanders don his cap,  
And forthwith hasten to the "Spotted Pard,"  
When there, enquire for one Sir Harry Scroope—  
Shew him these tablets, note well his reply,  
Then promptly press return.

(Exit SERVANT.)

A courtier, sirs,

I have obliged, and now intend to use,  
By pitting him against this Jocelyn,  
Who, to the open scandal of our guild,  
Doth love the daughter of De Beverning—  
The wealthiest of all these foreigners.  
I will so plan it that, Sir Harry Scroope  
Shall keep this springald Jocelyn employed  
In guarding well his Flemish lady bird,  
That 'ere he seek to avert the coming storm,  
It shall have blown its worst. Denny, go thou,  
And commune with the freemen of thy ward,  
Touching this matter—if thou find'st them cool  
Despatch a friend for me.

(Exit DENNY.)

And, sirs, 'twere well

If ye did mingle with the apprentices,  
Who lounge in groups about our city's streets;  
Mark what they say, and now and then thrust in  
A word or two, as if by accident,  
In favor of, or 'gainst these foreigners,  
As from the conversation may seem meet,  
So shall ye find, as they do give reply,  
What tune best suits their several sympathies—  
We'll after play it to their heart's content.

(Exit all but FITZ MARTYN.)

FITZ.

Now, an' Sir Harry Scroope will meet my wish,  
To which I deem he aptly must incline,  
The rather that the mortgage on his lands  
Is well nigh spent, and e'en the Lombards shrink  
From lending him more monies, though they tax  
His need with most usurious interest.  
This idle popinjay, young Jocelyn,  
I trow, will have enough upon his hands  
To keep him from devising stratagems  
To mar our noble plot.

(Enter SIR HARRY SCROOPE.)

Good, Sir Harry,

Welcome, right welcome to my humble roof—  
Pray you, be seated.

SIR HARRY. Well, master merchant,  
What lackest thou, that in such wondrous haste  
Thy message bid me speed: I prithee, tell  
Thy tale at once, and let it be as brief  
As thou canst make it—for I left but now  
A knot of such rare boon companions,  
As we do meet but seldom, in these times  
Of villainous morality.

FITZ. I see  
Thou'rt still the same, the same Sir Harry Scroope,  
Whose only thought was how to crowd the most  
Of pleasure in the briefest space of time.  
I've news for thee, great news—but 'ere I tell it,  
Thou shalt pledge me in a bumper.

(Enter SERVANT with wine.)

This is not  
Such wine as courtly men do quaff, sir knight;  
And yet, in my poor judgment, thou wilt find  
Its quality indifferently good.

SIR HARRY.  
Indifferently good! 'tis marvellous!  
A choice good wine, and one that hath the power  
To lure a lover from his mistress' side,  
Though she did sweetly smile to keep him there.

FITZ.

Another glass—

SIR HARRY. And then—

FITZ. To business.

I've often heard thee, in a frolic mood,  
Say thou wouldst like a city dame for wife,  
If I, by chance, could meet with one whose wealth  
Would mend the broken fortunes of thy house,  
Now, if I say that I have found thee one,  
Wilt woo her?

SIR HARRY. I would rather woo thy wine.

FITZ.

But she has wealth, and wealth can purchase wine.

SIR HARRY.

Thou'rt right—I'll marry her.

FITZ. Nay, not so fast;

'Twere dangerous to be o'er confident,  
One of our townsmen seeks to win her love.

SIR HARRY.

Tut ! I'm a knight, and he but lowly born ;  
She'll thank me that I stoop to ask her hand.

FITZ.

Be not too sure of that ; our lords of late  
Have made themselves disgracious in the eyes  
Of city folk. But yet there is a way  
To win her, aye, and wear her, too, sir knight,  
If that thy humour deem my counsel good.

SIR HARRY. How's that ?

FITZ. Shall I advise ?

SIR HARRY. Aye, and speak plain.

FITZ.

The noble lion, when he woos his bride,  
Seeks not to fawn around her, and caress,  
But takes her unawares ; and seizing her,  
Doth bear her off in triumph.

SIR HARRY. Ha ! But then  
The issue will be doubtful.

FITZ. Not a whit.

Thy arm, and as we walk, I'll tell thee more.

(EXIT.)

SCENE III.

*A dimly lighted street.—Enter AMBROSE gazing about him as if bewildered.*

AMBROSE.

I dare be sworn that I have lost my way,  
And yet I know not how this thing can be,  
For master said the way could not be lost,  
If I did keep straight onward till I came  
To that same street wherein my lady is,  
Whom I am bid forthwith to hasten home,  
Lest that she meet with wild apprentices,  
Which were a grievous chance, for I am one  
Whose will is good to do courageous things,  
That heart and heels do evermore forbid ;  
Thus, when I feel I could o'ercome a man,  
And in my thoughts, I see him at my feet,  
Something doth whisper " Ambrose, try it not ;  
Thy foe may prove the stronger of the twain."  
Then 'ere I know it, do I find myself  
Pressing right onward, at my swiftest speed,  
And looking down, behold my coward feet

Have left my opponent very far behind.  
 I do not think I run away from him,  
 But solve the wonder thus : In my great haste  
 To catch mine enemy, I pass him by,  
 Not knowing that I pass him by, until  
 Halting for lack of breath, I glance me back,  
 And spy him, too far in the rear to make  
 A waste of time by hurrying after him.  
 Here comes a citizen, who fain must know  
 The house I'm charged to seek.

(Enter DENNY.)

So please you, sir—

DENNY.

Stand back, and let me pass ; I've naught to give.

AMBROSE.

Nor did I seek for aught, save gentle words ;  
 'Twas not for alms that I did stay thee, sir.

DENNY. Why then didst doff thy cap?

AMBROSE. That I might ask,  
 If knowing, thou can'st point me out the house  
 Wherein my lady tarries.

DENNY. Art mumming?  
 How should I know, when thou hast not disclosed  
 The name of her thou serv'st?

AMBROSE. Alack! Alack!  
 It is most true I mentioned not her name,  
 Matilde De Beverning.—

DENNY. A Foreigner,  
 Go seek her out thyself—I hate the race. (Exit.)

AMBROSE. Now had my heart but seconded my will  
 I would have beaten that unchristian man;  
 But, out upon't! I feared he'd strike again—  
 Here are some more, I'll boldly question them.

*Enter FITZMARTYN and SIR HARRY SCROOPE, in earnest conversation, attended by two servants.*

SIR HARRY. Thou'rt right, sir merchant, it is feasible  
 And seems to shadow out a good result.  
 When she is mine, the ladies of the Court  
 Shall envy her the state in which she lives  
 Rich dresses and bright jewels she shall have  
 And liveried servants, and a queenly throng  
 Of noble visitors, I'll—

AMBROSE. Gentle sirs,  
 I pray your courtesy to point me out

The dwelling of my master's kinswoman.

FITZ. Who is thy master?

AMBROSE. Who my master, sir?  
Is't needful that I tell my master's name?  
For 'twas but now a stranger asked me that,  
And when I told him, he did flout me with  
"I hate these foreigners,"—Is't needful, sir?

FITZ, *aside to SIR HARRY.*

Here may be news well worth a moments pause;  
I know this man—he serves De Beverning—

AMBROSE. Is't needful, sir?

FITZ. Nay, nay it matters not  
Although 'tis meet thine errand be disclosed—  
AMBROSE. I seek to guide my master's daughter home,  
But fear lest she depart ere I arrive. [us.  
FITZ. to SIR H. Ha! dost thou hear how fortune favours  
SIR HARRY. I heed it well, and see, by yonder lamp  
There flits a form whose speed might well denote  
'Tis hers of whom we speak.

FITZ. Hush! not so loud,  
These serving men have ears—quick follow her  
While I mislead this simpleton.

*Exeunt SIR HARRY and servants.*

FITZ. Ambrose!

AMBROSE. Anan? how knew thee Ambrose is my name?  
FITZ. What boots it how? If thou wouldest do aright,  
'Twere well to linger near this spot awhile,  
And wait thy lady's coming.

AMBROSE. Dost thou deem  
She will be here anon?

FITZ. Besure, besure.

AMBROSE. Then will I tarry.

FITZ. Good—now Jocelyn,  
Our May-day sports will not be checked by thee,

*Exit.*

AMBROSE. He called me Ambrose, yet I knew him not,  
Nor did I say whose serving man I was—  
And yet he called me Ambrose—some one comes.

Enter JOCELYN, *hurriedly.*  
JOCELYN. Who goes there?

AMBROSE. 'Tis only I.

JOCELYN. Ambrose—Matilde—  
Where is she? speak—say thou hast seen her safe,  
And I will richly, nobly, guerdon thee.  
Say she is well, unharmed—and that thou know'st  
Of her abiding place. In mercy speak—

Where is Matilde?

AMBROSE. In sooth I cannot tell.

JOCELYN. Not tell? hast thou not seen, not walked  
with her?

Not left her under prudent guardianship?

AMBROSE. Doth she not tarry with her kinswoman?

JOCELYN. I sought the house, but she had quitted it,  
I hastened home, but she had not returned,  
Since which, I've vainly searched our city's streets,  
In hopeless fearful quest. (*A shriek heard!*)

A woman's voice,

Matilde perhaps—now heaven strengthen me,  
For I will rescue her, though death itself  
Be on the issue. (*rushes out.*)

AMBROSE makes a feint to follow him, but returns and  
retreats at the opposite side.

#### SCENE IV.

*A street near London Bridge, which is seen spanning a portion of the stage.*

*Enter SIR HARRY SCROOPE and servants—the latter forcing in MATILDE.*

MATILDE. If ye are men—have human hearts—or know  
The deep devotion of a sister's love  
If ye have felt a mother's guardian care  
Or gazed on fond eyes that returned your gaze,  
Oh! let that mother—sister—or that maid,  
Plead in your hearts and win me my release.

SIR HARRY.

Fair lady, thou shalt meet all gentleness  
From those whose roughness seems discourteous now,  
Trust me, my nature is not wont to use  
Rude means to win a favoring regard ;  
And for thy brief alarm I will atone,  
By my affection through all after years.

MATILDE.

Thy act confounds thy speech, sir gentleman,  
If that it still abides this present deed,  
But if pure thoughts are whisp'ring at thy heart,  
A prompt retrieval of this grievous wrong,  
I do adjure thee give them entrance there,  
And with an altered feeling bid me pass  
In safety and in honour.

SIR HARRY. Lady, I  
Do love thee with a passionate earnestness,  
That sees no evil where it gives me thee.

MATILDE.

I know thee not—thou art a stranger, sir,  
Nor deem I we have met before this time.  
Thine is not love, but passion—guilty passion,  
Love's most abhorred, and fickle counterfeit,  
The offspring of a thousand fearful things—  
It flashes from the dark abode of thought,  
Like lightning from the storm-cloud, fiercely bright,  
Cleaving the troubled air, like molten fire  
Dashed from the hand of one who rides the storm,  
And marking all it touches upon earth  
With blackness, fire, and death.

SIR HARRY. Perverse, perverse,  
Be thou but mine, and thou shalt rule it o'er  
The noblest born that Britain's isle can boast.

MATILDE.

I leave that homage to the little great,  
Whose pride is flattered by a fawning mien ;  
I seek a higher aim.

SIR HARRY. What more dost seek ?

MATILDE.

A good man's love.

SIR HARRY. Thy love would make me good.

MATILDE.

It never can be thine.

SIR HARRY. Ha ! is it so ?  
At least we part not yet. On sirs, convey  
Her safely to the boat.

MATILDE, after struggling for a brief time, breaks from them, and gains the parapet of the bridge.

MATILDE. Pause, ye, if ye  
Would not condemn your everlasting souls,  
By flushing them with murder. Here I stand;  
If ye but move a foot, or raise an arm,  
With one brief prayer, I'll yield my spirit back,  
Unstained and pure, to Him who gave it me—  
Ha ! stir not at your peril, or I leap—

SIR HARRY.  
Out on this woman's folly : dost thou dare—

MATILDE.  
I dare do ought to live in purity,  
I dare do ought to die as I have lived.

**JOCELYN (without.)**

**Matilde! Matilde!**

(MATILDE rushes down upon the stage as JOCELYN enters.)

**MATILDE.** 'Tis he! 'tis Jocelyn!

**SIR HARRY.**

**Ha! I seize her now.**

**JOCELYN.** This villain to thy heart—

*They fight, Sir Harry is disarmed; but at this moment Jocelyn is forcibly grasped by the attendants of Sir Harry, and borne to the ground. As Sir Harry rises, and rushes towards Matilde, Jocelyn shouts "Apprentices! apprentices!—clubs! clubs!" The words are immediately caught up, and repeated from all quarters, far and near; a confused sound of many feet is heard, and the apprentices, still shouting their rallying cry, flock upon the stage at every entrance. Jocelyn beats down Sir Harry—Matilde rushes into his arms, and the act drops.* (To be continued.)

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## ANTIQUE CAMEOS.

NO. I.

HEBE HARNESSING THE PEACOCKS OF HER MOTHER JUNO.

Heavenly vision! I love to trace  
The beauties of thy celestial face,  
Where the thoughts like changeful pictures appear,  
Now tinted by hope, now shaded by fear:  
Where smiles in the rosy dimples glow  
Like crimson birds amid flowers below,  
And modesty, innocence, virtue and truth,  
Bask in the light of perpetual youth.

Heavenly maiden! I greet thee, now  
With a lovelier beauty upon thy brow,  
And a gentler grace in thy modest mien  
Than decked the child of Olympus' queen,  
When in stately grandeur thou offered'st up,  
To wassailing gods the nectar cup—  
For where is a scene of more virtuous pride  
Than a ministering child by her mother's side.

Beautiful maid! thou boundest along,  
With a foot-fall light as the echo of song—  
To lead from the walks of their flowery fold,  
To Saturnia's ear of flashing gold,  
The winged coursers whose glittering plumes  
The light of the opening day illumines;  
And array for their flight through the azure air  
The gorgeous steeds in their tresses fair.

HESPERUS.

## "SEVENTY SIX."

BY W. H. CARPENTER.

Aye! peal it through the land  
Like the voice of mighty thunder,  
A nation's men have grasped the brand  
And smote their chains asunder.  
They have dared to fight as brave men fight,  
They have feared as slaves to die,  
And where are the foes of haughty might?  
Go seek them—There they lie!

Lo! from the hardy North  
Like waves on the storm-vexed ocean  
Arm'd men, and strong are rushing forth  
With a wild and fierce emotion.  
And Southern lips are echoing back  
The fearless warrior tone  
And though—there's blood upon their track  
That blood is not their own!

Old men with hoary hair  
Weak youths and vigorous yeomen  
Have girded souls as one man there  
To greet the ruthless foemen.  
No quivering lip—no paling brow  
Insult the Spartan band  
But every tongue is shouting now  
"God! and our own free land!"

And mothers with wet eyes—  
With a smile their heart-fears stifle  
And arm their sons for the enterprize,  
Each with his dead sire's rifle.  
And maidens twine the parting wreaths  
Nor bid them danger shun,  
For cowards die a thousand deaths,  
Where brave men feel but one.

E'en as they drain death's cup  
Their stern souls do not falter;  
But the last prayer is offered up  
At freedom's holy altar.  
For though a patriot be overthrown  
The blood that falleth then  
Springs up—like teeth by Cadmus sown,  
A host of armed men.

## RETROSPECTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CLINTON BRADSHAW, &c.

And she I loved! I must not think  
    Of her, for "that way madness lies,"  
Boy start that Champagne cork, I drink  
    And think no more of Mary's eyes.

HALLECK.

O! Rome my country—city of the soul,  
    The orphan of the heart must turn to thee.

BYRON.

When thou wert gone I tried to be light-hearted,  
    But fruitless are such efforts now to me—  
I felt like Selkirk, when his mates departed,  
    And left him lonely by a boundless sea.

Away they glided while he knew that never  
    Again their presence should delight his eye,  
And thus we parted and I sad forever,  
    Was linked with the deep tones of our good-bye.

Alone how gazed he on that glittering ocean,  
    And, while the foamy track subsided there,  
The keener grew his heart's suppressed emotion,  
    And the intenser its confirmed despair.

How often hope-led would his footsteps wander  
    Upon that shore, dreaming some bark to trace,  
And then with dewy eyes, would memory ponder  
    Upon that distant once familiar face.

Behold! a bark comes gliding o'er the waters,  
    Yes, he shall see once more his native isle,  
Once more shall greet him—Earth's fair sons and daughters,  
    And she he loved, once more shall on him smile.

His signal's vain, like passing thought it changes  
    Its track, regardless of that barren spot,  
Where he, the exile, all forgotten, ranges,  
    O! why not be forgetting as forgot.

And thus did Hope with that deceitful greeting,  
    Which is most false when most we need its ruth,  
Come to my heart with promise of our meeting,  
    Thou light on dreams and darkness over truth.

And what if after long, long years of sorrow,  
 That rescued man stand by his home once more,  
 Can Hope the sycophant from sadness borrow  
 A smile to greet him on that long-left shore.

That's not his knocker—and are all estranged,  
 Is she not faithful whom his heart adores—  
 "That lady, sir, long since, her name has changed,  
 And having done it, she's forgotten yours."

Unto the Monumental mobbing city,  
 Not less the "city of the soul" to me,  
 And that I left it gives me deep self-pity,  
 For there my boyhood knew its days of glee.

For there my healthy hours before my lameness,  
 Were laughed away beside the babbling brook—  
 And there my spirit, ere it knew the tameness  
 Of long confinement, its aspirations took.

Aspirings that are now in dust and ashes—  
 'Twas there I first put pen to paper, there  
 That I first felt the flash from womans lashes,  
 And learned *by* her, and *at* mankind, to swear.

'Twas there, a youth then, I went speachifying,  
 And with McMahon at town meetings spoke,  
 Who seemed to have the gift, without the trying,  
 To which the Grecian, from long trial, woke.

'Twas there I laid the scene of my first scribbling—  
 Say, does "Old Nelly" still sell apples there?  
 How often have I stood beside her nibbling,  
 And thought she'd make a character most rare.

'Twas there my gentle sister, lovely, lonely  
 Thou stood'st, when sickness came, my bed beside  
 And seemed to think of me and of me only,—  
 Now must I greet thee far away a bride.

'Twas there, in the deep midnight, that I parted  
 From my first friends to whom my Soul still turns,—  
 And in my bosom, though I'm broken-hearted,  
 For whom the flame of friendship constant burns.

'Twas there upon that eve they gave a supper,  
 A farewell, to the wanderer to the West,  
 And each I ween grew light in story upper,—  
 There, let that falling tear proclaim the rest.

Over the mountains and far down the vallies,  
 Their voices cheer me, like a bugle, now,  
 And my worn spirit like a war-horse rallies,  
 And my first day-dreams flash upon my brow.

No more, unless in impulses and snatches,  
 Does young ambition come to me of late—  
 Something like what the lawyers would call laches,  
 Has cast a cloud upon my mind's estate.

I tell you what it is I'll take a Julep—  
 'Tis there that lady of my love doth dwell;  
 I called her flower—my gentle little tulip—  
 And loved her lips "not wisely but too well."

Forever and forever I must tarry  
 Like luckless angler by a gudgeon stream—  
 O! Lady of my love why did thou marry,  
 And play the devil with my love's first dream?

Here, from our home, thou wert a short sojourner,  
 But long enough to make me deeper dote—  
 And then of a high summerset the turner,  
 I found my dove had learned the cuckoo's note.

But I'm digressing—in that noble city  
 Alluded to in stanza number ten—  
 Whose monuments still stand, whose mobs know Chitty,  
 Whose matchless girls should only match her men.

Whose fountains are so classic and so shady—  
 I yet shall spend some days of social glee,—  
 Ah, is my julep ready? Farewell lady,—  
 Sweet "City of my soul," I drink to thee.

Cincinnati, June, 1838.

## TO AMELIA OF KENTUCKY.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY, JR.

Bright heart, all glowing with poetic fire,  
A Northern minstrel strikes his harp for thee;  
For thy rich strains renew the old desire

To weave his heart-strings into poetry:—  
His soul, Memnonian statue, in thy sight,  
Must speak in song its strong and deep delight.

Sing thou the Western mountains—great and proud!

Bound to a world of cares I cannot come  
To mark their tops dissolving into cloud  
Above the vallies of thine own fair home;  
Yet as thy verse reflects them o'er the land,  
I'll seem upon their rock-ribbed sides to stand.

Sing thou the Western rivers—bounding floods!

Their breasts of mighty mail, of steel-like hue—  
Their sedgy banks, o'ertopped by branching woods—  
Their placid coves, which twin the heaven's far blue—  
Shall seem before me, as their waters play,  
The various features mirrored in thy lay.

Sing thou the Western forests—lofty, wide!  
Reveal the flowers which blossom in their gloom,

As stars to earth—of poetry the pride;  
Sing, or record for me at least, their doom;  
For no one else can lend the pencil powers  
To paint those massy woods and forest flowers.

Sing thou the West—the Beautiful! The strain,  
On Music's wing, shall freight the Western breeze,

And strait be heard along the Atlantic main:—

And more! It shall, by slow yet sure degrees,  
Sound on old England's high ancestral shore,  
And round thy name a flood of glory pour.

Bright heart, all glowing with poetic fire,  
A Northern minstrel throws his harp aside

To listen now to thy diviner lyre,  
Whose notes can never sink beneath Time's tide.  
Strike—strike a golden strain, and in its tone  
The Northern minstrel will forget his own.

Boston, Aug. 24, 1838.

THE ENGLISH VERSIONS OF  
TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

No fewer than four complete versions of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, have appeared in England, two of which have been reprinted in this country. The earliest, that of Fairfax, dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and has been held in such estimation, that an edition of it was published so lately as twenty years ago, though Dr. Johnson had recorded his opinion adverse to its reprint, and notwithstanding its antiquated phraseology, it is to this version that Collins, whose superior poetical powers rendered him no incompetent judge, pays the following tribute in his *Ode on the Highland Superstitions*.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart  
From sober truth, are still to nature true,  
And call forth fresh delight to fancy's view,  
The heroic muse employed her Tasso's art.

How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,  
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress poured!  
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,  
And the wild blast upheaved the vanished sword!

How have I sat when piped the pensive wind,  
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!  
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind  
Believed the magic wonders which he sung!

Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!  
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!  
Hence his warm lay with softest sweet~~ness~~ flows!  
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong and clear,  
And fills the impassioned heart, and wins the harmonious ear!

The remark of Collins, that Fairfax "believed the magic wonders which he sung," must be understood not literally, but simply that he was a believer in magic, he having once prosecuted a person for witchcraft. That his belief, however, contributed to his poetical success cannot be readily admitted, when it is considered that poets in a more enlightened age, have introduced magic with equal or superior success, imagination having operated as powerfully as belief: take as evidence, Wieland's Oberon, Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, and Southey's Thalaba; three productions showing the stamp of genius, as plainly as coin the image of the sovereign.

After a long interval, Hoole's translation was offered to the world; but though ushered under the recommendation of Dr. Johnson, it failed to please the admirers of the original; yet it met with considerable favor from mere English readers, as is proved by its numerous editions, both English and American. About forty years after the publication of Hoole, another translation was made by Hunt, a clergyman of the Church of England, and more recently, another still, by Wiffen, a Quaker. Of each of these versions I proceed to give specimens, deeming that a comparison between them will afford gratification, and assist those who wish to purchase one of them in forming a correct judgment of their respective merit. Fairfax, it will be observed, uses the eight-lined stanza of the author; Wiffen, the nine-lined of Spenser; and the other two, the heroic couplet of Dryden and Pope. As the original is written in stanzas, there seems no sufficient reason for the adoption of the couplet; but as a translator can seldom express an author's meaning without some amplification, Wiffen may, so far as I perceive, be commended for adopting the Spenserian stanza.

The episode of Erminia's flight being generally admired, the beginning of it is taken for the first specimen.

#### F AIRFAX.

Erminia's steed, this while, his mistresse bore  
Through forests thicke among the shadie treene;  
Her feeble hand the bridle raines forelore,  
Half in a swoune she was for feare I weene;  
But her flit courser spared nere the more,  
To beare her through the deseret woods unseene  
Of her strong foes that chased her through the plaine,  
And still pursued, but still pursued in vaine.

#### H OOLE.

Meanwhile the courser with Erminia strayed  
Through the thick covert of a woodland shade:  
Her trembling hand the rein no longer guides,  
And through her veins a chilling terror glides.  
By winding paths her steed pursued his flight,  
And bore at length the virgin far from sight.

#### HUNT.

Beneath an aged woods' embowered shade  
Herminia's courser bore the flying maid.  
No more the reins obeyed her trembling hand;  
Her quivering soul suspended seemed to stand

'Twixt life and death; meanwhile the ungoverned horse  
 Through such untrodden mazes urged his course  
 As baffled all pursuit; the hostile train  
 Forebore to follow—for pursuit was vain.

## WIFFEN.

Through the brown shade of forests ivied o'er  
 With age, meanwhile divine Erminia fled;  
 Her trembling hand the bridle ruled no more;  
 And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.  
 The steed that bore her with the instinctive dread  
 Of danger, at its own wild mercy, through  
 Such winding paths and bosky mazes sped,  
 That it at length quite rapt her from the view;  
 Baffling the eager hopes of those that would pursue.

One stanza more from Erminia's flight will, I suppose, be  
 deemed sufficient.

## FAIRFAX.

Through thicke and thinne, all night, all day, she drived,  
 Withouten comfort, companie, or guide,  
 Her plaints and tears with every thought revived,  
 She heard and saw her greefs, but naught beside.  
 But when the sunne his burning chariot drived  
 In Thetis' wave, and wearie teame untide,  
 On Jordan's sandie banks her course she staid,  
 At last; there downe she light, and downe she laid.

## HOOLE.

All night she fled, and all the ensuing day,  
 Her tears and sighs companions of her way:  
 But when bright Phœbus from his golden wain  
 Had loosed his steeds, and sunk beneath the main,  
 To sacred Jordan's crystal flood she came;  
 There staid her course, and rested near his stream.

## HUNT.

Through the long night, the coming day, she ran;  
 No guide she followed, and she knew no plan;  
 Nought in her flight she sees, and nought she hears,  
 Save her own piteous sighs, her falling tears.  
 But when his steeds their round diurnal run,  
 From his bright car unyoked the golden sun,  
 And bathed his splendours in the western wave,  
 She reached a spot which Jordan's waters lave:  
 Pellucid stream! there from her steed she throws  
 Her weary members and invokes repose.

## WIFFEN.

All night she fled; and all the day succeeding,  
 Still without guidance or reflection, flies  
 O'er dale and hill, nought listening to, or heeding,  
 But her own tears, but her own mournful cries;  
 Till now, what time the sun descending, dyes  
 The clouds with crimson, leaving earth in shade,  
 Fair Jordan's lucid current she descries;  
 There first her steed's bewildered step she stayed;  
 Her bed the chill green bank, her bower the wild woods made.

As the two translations of Hunt and Wiffen appear to be generally preferred to the two by their predecessors, I shall copy one quotation more from each, omitting the corresponding translations of the latter. The part selected is the invocation to the muse.

## HUNT.

Immortal muse! not thou whose brows are crowned  
 With laurels plucked on Heliconian ground,  
 But thou who dwell'st the heavenly tribes among,  
 Prompting to angel choirs seraphic song,  
 While brightest stars their golden radiance shed  
 In unextinguished glories, round thy head!  
 Thy aid I crave! do thou my breast inspire,  
 And breath o'er all my song celestial fire!  
 And thou forgive, if other charms than thine,  
 Earth-born attractions, deck my varied line,  
 If to my aid I call bright fiction's powers,  
 And weave with truth divine, Aonian flowers.  
 The world, thou know'st, affects, with giddy joy,  
 The flattering bard whom lighter themes employ:  
 And truth's stern page, when playful fancy aids,  
 The wayward heart allures, subdues, persuades.  
 So to her sickening babe the mother's care  
 Spreads, with sagacious hand, the honeyed snare  
 Round the full cup, with healing juices fraught;  
 The unconscious infant sucks the bitter draught  
 With greedy lips, and cheated of his pain,  
 Drinks health and life, and blooms and smiles again.

## WIFFEN.

O! thou, the muse, that not with fading palms  
 Circlest thy brows on Pindus, but among  
 The angels warbling their celestial psalms,  
 Hast for thy coronal a golden throng  
 Of everlasting stars! make thou my song

Lucid and pure; breathe thou the flame divine  
 Into my bosom; and forgive the wrong,  
 If with grave truth light fiction I combine,  
 And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than thine!

The world, thou know'st, on tiptoe ever flies  
 Where warbling most Parnassus' fountain winds,  
 And that truth, robed in song's benign disguise,  
 Has won the coyest, soothed the sternest minds:  
 So the fond mother her sick infant blinds,  
 Sprinkling the edges of the cup she gives  
 With sweets; delighted with the balm it finds  
 'Round the smooth brim, the medicine it receives,  
 Drinks the delusive draught, and thus deluded, lives.

A poetical translator is not expected to give the meaning of the original exactly, lest, in attempting it, he should fail to infuse a portion of that ethereal spirit, without which his composition, notwithstanding it has the form of verse, degenerates into mere prose in a metrical shape. Indeed, considerable license is by no means incompatible with good translation. Take, as an example, Pope's *Iliad*, which is admitted to be in many parts widely different from Homer's *Iliad*; yet it is more admired than Cowper's translation, which is as nearly literal as the English language will permit. Pope walks at ease, while Cowper moves in fetters. Wiffen, availing himself of the same license as Pope expresses a desire that,

"To atone for charms unseized and splendours lost,"

he may be able to show some graces not found in the original; and, perhaps, no better proof of his having done so can be offered, than the song of the bird in the enchanted bower; a song which he has translated into two different measures. But before giving either of them, I shall transcribe the version of the same by Spenser, in order that Wiffen may be compared with one whose poetical powers no one will question, the *Fairy Queen*, into which it was introduced, having maintained its reputation for nearly three centuries.

#### SPENSER.

Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she  
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,  
 That fairer seems, the less you see her may;  
 Lo! see soon after, how more bold and free  
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display;  
 Lo! see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
 Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,  
 No more doth flourish after first decay,  
 That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower  
 Of many a lady and many a paramour:  
 Gather, therefore, the rose, whilst yet in prime,  
 For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower:  
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet in time,  
 Whilst loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime.

## WIFFEN.

Ah, see, she sang, the bashful blushing rose,  
 Spread through green leaves its bosom to the light;  
 Half-bud, half-blossom yet, through dews it glows,  
 And charms the more, the more it shuns the sight!  
 Ah, see how boldly soon it courts the bright  
 And burning sun; how soon it droops and fades;  
 Nor seems the same rich blossom of delight—  
 Desired so much in songs and serenades,  
 By thousand amorous youths, and thousand blooming maids!

So passes in the transit of a day,  
 Of mortal life the verdure and the bloom,  
 Nor will the sunshine of a second May  
 The leaf re-open, or the flower relume;  
 Gather the rose, then, in its rathe perfume  
 And morning beauty, 'ere the skies above  
 O'ercast the landscape with the funeral gloom;  
 Whilst loved and loving, none the bliss reprove,  
 Now, whilst it yet is youth, pluck, pluck the rose of love!

Wiffen's other translation is as follows :—

Ah, see, thus she sang, the rose spread to the morning  
 Her red virgin leaves, the coy pride of all plants!  
 Yet half-open, half-shut 'midst the moss she was born in,  
 The less shows her beauty, the more she enchanteth;  
 Lo! soon after, her sweet naked bosom more cheaply  
 She shows! lo, soon after she sickens and fades,  
 Nor seems the same flower late desired so deeply,  
 By thousands of lovers and thousands of maids!

So fleets with the day's passing footsteps of fleetness,  
 The flower and the verdure of life's smiling scene:  
 Nor though April return with its sunshine and sweetness,  
 Again will it ever look blooming or green;  
 Then gather the rose in its fresh morning beauty,  
 The rose of a day too soon dimmed from above;  
 Whilst beloved, we may love—let to love be our duty,  
 Now, now, whilst 'tis youth, pluck the roses of love!

These extracts will, I trust, give gratification to the admirers of poetry, and be found useful to those who are cultivating their talent for composition. To many of both classes, the four stanzas which I am about to quote from Wiffen's introductory verses, will be particularly acceptable from their awakening recollections of the principal female characters in the *Jerusalem Delivered*; a pleasure which is only inferior to that of receiving the impression, through a vivid imagination, of their deeds on a first perusal.

Not in dim dungeons to the clank of chains,  
 Like sad Torquato's, have the hours been spent  
 Given to the song, but in bright halls where reigns  
 Uncumbered freedom,—with a mind unbent  
 By walks in woods, green dells and pastoral plains,  
 To sound, far off, of village merriment;  
 Albeit, perchance, some springs whence Tasso drew  
 His sweetest tones, have touched my spirit too.

O that, as happier constellations bless  
 My studious life, my verses too could boast,  
 Some happier graces, (*should I wish for less?*)  
 To atone for charms unseized and splendors lost!—  
 No! the rich rainbow mocks the child's caress,  
 Who can but sorrow as his fancy's crossed,  
 That e'er so beautiful a thing should rise,  
 To elude his grasp, yet so enchant his eyes.

On the majestic Sorrentine I gazed  
 With a familiar joy; methought he smiled;  
 But now the vigil's past, I stand amazed  
 At the conceit, and sorrow like the child.  
 What second hand *can* paint the scenes that blazed  
 In Tasso's brain, with tints as sweet and wild?  
 As much the shapes that on his canvass glow,  
 Their birth to phrenzy as to genius owe.

Yet may I hope o'er generous minds to cast  
 A faint reflection of his matchless skill,  
 For here his own Sophronia unaghast,  
 Flings firm defiance to her tyrant skill;  
 Clorinda bleeds; lovelorn Erminia fast  
 Hies through the forest at her steed's wild will; -  
 And in these pages still Armidia's charms  
 Strike the rapt heart, and wake a world to arms.

Here, then, I close, under a conviction that if the reader has no desire to know something more of the great modern epic of Italy, he must either dislike epic poetry, or be insensible to the charms of verse.

ISAAC CANDLER.

## THE BIRTH OF THE ELEMENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE POLISH ORPHAN.

Amidst the wide abyss,  
By motion never stirred,  
Of unimagined nothingness,  
Where ne'er a voice was heard,  
The wild, chaotic mass appeared,  
Of which this mighty world was reared.

But earth had yet no form,  
And darkness ruled the deep,  
Nor had the lightest breath of storm  
Disturbed its long, long sleep,  
There, all was stillness, strange—profound,  
And blank confusion reigned around.

God's spirit moved in power,  
Athwart the waste and said,  
"Let there be light," and in that hour,  
Darkness and chaos fled,  
Then *fire* forsook its grosser clod,  
*First-born* of all the works of God.

No longer mixed with earth,  
Inactive, dull and drear,  
That subtle essence sprang to birth,  
Expansive, radiant, clear,  
And as it rose on pinion free,  
Pointed the *air* to liberty.

The *air* obeyed the sign,  
Volatilized, by light,  
And left its dark primordial shrine,  
For one more fair and bright,  
Light to its aid her coloring lent,  
And formed the lofty firmament.

The ruffled *waters* caught,  
The gladdening impulse too,  
A dwelling midst the *ether* sought,  
And rose in clouds and dew,  
Yet leaving many a pearly flow,  
And silvery stream and lake below.

The *dry land* then was seen,  
Amidst the chrystral waves,  
With forests robed in living green,  
*Not* scattered o'er with graves,  
But rich in gay and glorious bowers  
Enamelled with a thousand flowers.

God spake again—the light  
Condensed each wandering beam  
*A sun* by day, a *moon* by night,  
O'er the wide landscape gleam,  
And midst the boundless arch above,  
Unnumbered stars in radiance move.

Once more his voice is heard,—  
Air is with motion rife,  
Obedient to his sovereign word,  
The waters teem with life,  
And fish with fowl and insects rise,  
*Those* claim the ocean, *these* the skies.

Let *earth* its tribute bring,  
The wise Creator said,  
And cattle, beast and creeping thing,  
O'er the green turf were spread.  
Not then ferocious, fierce and wild,  
But peaceful, harmless, fearless, mild.

Proud *man* was not, as yet,  
The crowning work of God,  
But ere the sixth day sun had set,  
The Eden-world he trod,  
Complete the new creation stood,  
And God himself pronounced it good!

## THE ALPINE HORN.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

The shepherd of the highest Alps grasps his horn and pronounces through this speaking trumpet, the solemn injunction to the world below, "Praise ye the Lord." This is repeated in succession by all who catch the sound,—a solemn stillness succeeds the last reverberation, and all kneel bare-headed in devotion, till darkness rests upon the earth. Again the horn sounds—the social "Good night" awakens the echoes—and all sink to rest.

ORIENTAL KEY TO SCRIPTURES.

From the mountain summit borne,  
A sound through the vale is heard;  
**A** blast of the shrill and echoing horn  
The stilly air has stirred:  
Startling the vale with the tone  
Of its spirit-waking breath,  
The echoing horn a blast has blown,  
But not a blast of death.  
'Tis not for the proud array  
Of warriors in their bloom  
And martial port, with the bright display  
Of gonfalon and plume.

'Tis not the stirring call  
To grasp the spear and shield,  
And strive for the laurel and coronal,  
In the lists of the battle-field.  
'Tis not for the charge in fight,  
Where the red rain pours a flood;  
And the hosts are bowed, and the steeds foam white  
Are dappled o'er with blood:  
For it publishes abroad,  
As its peals ring out again,  
Not the rage of battle but love to God,  
Peace and *good will* to men.

The toils of day are done  
Its cares and burdens o'er;  
And rest has come with the setting sun  
To the weary head once more.

There is quiet upon the air  
 And peace in the painted bowers,  
 And bowed are the heads as if in prayer,  
 Of the pure and modest flowers:  
 Earth's incense heavenward floats,  
 And the feelings of men accord;  
 And the mellow horn rings out the notes  
 Of joy, "Praise ye the Lord."

And sweeter far than the swell,  
 At eve, of the Muezzin's call;  
 Or the booming peal of the vesper bell  
 From some grey minster tall,  
 They summon to prayer and hymn  
 Of praise 'neath the arching sky,  
 While the shadows throw o'er the vallies dim  
 The folds of their drapery.  
 And the simple in heart bow down,  
 While the icebergs lit by the fires  
 Of the setting sun, on the mountains crown,  
 Flash like a thousand spires.

The reaper from his sheaves  
 Herdsman and hunter are there;  
 And the pruner from his viny leaves—  
 And their voices blend in prayer.  
 The voices of youth and men,  
 And age with locks of white—  
 Till the darkness falls and the horn again  
 Peals out the sound "Good night!"  
 Then they seek the hut or sod  
 Lulled by the Alpine horn,  
 With a hope to rise at the trump of God  
 On the resurrection morn.

## THE FINE ARTS.

NO. I.

### THE LAOCOON.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see  
 Laocoön's torture dignifying pain,  
 A father's love and mortal's agony,  
 With an immortal patience blending—vain  
 The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain  
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp  
 The old man's clench, the long envenomed chain  
 Rivets the living links—the enormous asp  
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp.—BYRON.

A CRITIQUE upon this inimitable production of art requires some preliminary generalities upon the arts of design, which have for their object the representation of the human form. This introduction is the more necessary, especially as this chef d'œuvre of the Grecian chissel, is an embodying and a model of all the rarest excellencies of the different degrees of the art, exhibiting the oppositions and gradations of nature, and ideality, sublimity and grace, power and beauty, repose and motion, in the greatest variety and with the highest effect,

“Shade unperceived so softening into shade,  
 And all so forming an harmonious whole,  
 That as they still succeed, they ravish still.”

As embraced in works of art, we will consider the following *principiæ*:

**ANATOMY.**—The lowest effort of the art sculptorial, (and which is but one remove from the mechanical,) is that which aims at the mere representation of the parts of the human body, their forms, their dimensions, and reciprocal relations.

**PROPORTION.**—Rising a degree above this is the knowledge of proportion, which is attained by a diligent study of the difference of the parts as to form and effect, so as to present by symmetry, graduation, and contrast the separate and isolated qualities which, taken together, give individuality and character to a work of art. Proportion, therefore, may be denominated the measure of relative configuration.

**BEAUTY.**—It will not be sufficient however, to insure excellence in a work of art, that the parts are represented according to anatomical rules, with the due expression of limb and muscle; nor that the figures are consistent, and the arrangement of the parts evince a thorough knowledge of proportion as to characteristic effect. The subject, in order to be attractive, must not only express nature to the life, but of an elevated organization, endowed with all those qualities which constitute personal and intellectual beauty.

**REPOSE.**—A work self-subsistent and unconnected in its parts with any thing else, is said to be in repose, when it is represented in a tranquil manner. Free from all excitement, the features, limbs, and muscles, are more regular and symmetrical in their dispositions, and the eye glides in easy transitions over the parts with the most tranquil pleasure. Figures of delicate beauty, which depend for effect upon their configuration, are executed in repose with the happiest advantage. So also are majestic figures; but the feeling which they excite is rather of sublimity than of beauty, and depends upon the appearance of the dormant muscular force and intellectual vigour. Such is the effect produced in the beholder in contemplating the Jupiter of Phidias with the thunderbolt resting upon his knees, of Juno in repose, or the Goddess of Wisdom meditating.

**MOTION.**—This opens a wider field for the artist than repose, for it includes not only the expression of limb, muscle, and draping, together with the intellectual characteristics of self-subsistent figures in mere locomotive energy and exertion action, but passing to the animated and impassioned significative, it embraces every variety of human action, and the display of the passions as excited by, dependent upon, and connected with, other objects. Thus, recreative and operative scenes of self-subsistent figures, but especially compound tragic ones, are the subjects of *motive* display. It may be well here to observe that a solitary figure is not necessarily self-subsistent. Thus a Jupiter Tonans is not self-subsistent. The attitude, the poised thunderbolt in his hand, and the severe and awful majesty of his countenance forcibly array before us those who have excited his ire, and are about to become the objects of his vengeance. The same may be said of the Apollo Belvidere. The sublime energy of the frame, and the terrible anger of the countenance immediately suggest the writhings of the Python, or the agonies of the children of Niobe that have felt the force of his vengeful shafts.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,  
The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow  
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;  
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright  
With an Immortal's vengeance; in his eye  
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might  
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by  
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

**GRACE.**—While beauty, consisting in the due and symmetrical configuration of the parts, relates to the two first named principles, *anatomical structure* and *proportion*, grace depending upon attitude and gesture, has especial reference to the latter principles—*repose* and *motion*. Oval figures of gentle curvature the parts of which slide into each other by insensible gradation are ever most agreeable to the eye. A figure, therefore, to be graceful, either in repose or motion, must not have its parts disposed in straight-lines, and interrupted by sharp angles, so as to press upon, confuse, and encumber each other, but arranged with such gentle inflections as give rotundity to the portions and secure ease and composure to the body. Beauty, in a word, relates to the natural organization, grace to the arrangement of parts by volition—either of attitude or movement.

**IDEALITY.**—Rising above the other enumerated excellencies, this completes the mystic circle of the arts of design, and stamps *acme* upon the whole. While the former are in themselves merely *imitative* and restricted to actual forms, Ideality bursts the circumscriptions of nature, and endowed with *creative* power, revels, in a world of new forms and beautiful creatures of its own formation. To attain the *ideal* the artist must possess an imagination strong to conceive elevated subjects, judgment to give consistency by proportion and reflection and patience to chaste the parts into graceful and harmonious unity.

Of the ideal there may be said to be two species—the *natural ideal* and the *pure ideal*. The natural ideal merely exceeds the bounds of reality, and elevating its subject above nature, assigns to it ideal degrees of beauty, and powers of action consistent with themselves, yet superior to and inconsistent with real nature. The pure ideal represents subjects that are imaginative alone, having existence only in the world of thought, within suitable limits of form, proportion, and grace. The high pleasure arising from novelty will always add great interest to ideal figures, as they tend to arouse the mind from its dormancy by a sensual shock that is at once startling and pleasing. To the former class be-

long such as female figures, as the Magdalen of Titian and Ariadne of Vanderlyne of loveliness and grace surpassing nature—or figures of more than natural power and energy, as the Fighting Gladiator of Agasia, or the Hercules of Canova.

To the pure ideal belong such works as The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, Daybreak, and Night, by the same, The Aurora of Guido, The Demons of Fuseli, and Madness and Melancholy by Cibber. With these premises we proceed to a notice of the magnificent group of the Laocoön.

With the extinction of liberty in Greece the arts began to decline, and continued to do so until the Romans, (after the contest with Philip,) declared freedom to the Grecian states. The people then awoke to wonted energy, as from a long slumber, and with the re-animating spirit of liberty, philosophy and the arts revived. Of the latter, several distinguished masters arose, such as Antheus, Polycles, Callistratus, Agesander, Apollodorus, and Athenodorus. The last three immortalized themselves in the production of the subject of our critique, the Laocoön. It was thus executed several centuries before Christ; and in the time of Pliny, who makes mention of it, was in the palace of Titus. During the sacking of Rome by the Goths and Vandals it suffered in the general ruin, and was found in the sixteenth century, partially mutilated, among rubbish in the baths of the above mentioned emperour.

It will, therefore, be readily perceived that the Laocoön is a *misnomer*, and that instead of the Trojan priest of Virgil's being the original of the group of the Laocoön, the statue is the original of the tragic Episode of the Aeneid; for it existed long antecedent to the composition of that poem. Neither does there appear in the historical or mythological accounts of the Trojan war, by writers before Virgil, any allusion to a circumstance of the kind.

Hyginus speaks of it—but he is of an age subsequent to Virgil, and in fact commented upon some of his writings.

Had any thing of the kind transpired, Homer would certainly have woven it into his epic. Besides, if the principal figure in the group had been intended to represent a priest in the act of offering sacrifice, as Virgil describes, he would have been invested, at least with the sacred *fila* and *vittæ*.

It is, therefore, absolutely certain that the Laocoön is a *misnomer*; and that the statue gave rise to the idea of Virgil's tragic Episode of the priest of Neptune, is equally certain. Indeed in the poets description of the father,

"Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos  
Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit,"

We have the very attitude and gesture of the father, struggling with mighty energy with the fate that had befallen him and his children.

Virgil in his anxious desire to free the ancestors of the Romans from the imputation of fatuity in admitting the Wooden Horse within their walls, while gazing upon this stupendous work of art, conceived the happy idea of excusing the act by religious superstition, and transforming what was merely intended to represent a father and his children in the agonies of serpentine enwreathment into a divine vengeance, translated (if I may use the expression,) the sublime *sensual* beauties of the sculptor into the animated language of poesy. But as is the case with all translations, the copy is far inferior to the original—and Virgil, who has imitated with felicity many of the excellencies of Homer, appears to have had transfused into him but a portion of the divine power which created the living, moving, animated, and sublime group of the sculptor.

The first impression produced upon beholding the Laocoön, (for, I suppose, "*Usus erit norma loquendi,*") is that of extreme terror. An electric shudder pervades the frame on discovering ourselves in proximity to animals dangerous, both on account of their venom and their magnitude. But the pain of the first sensation is lessened on perceiving that we ourselves are out of danger, as the serpents have infolded others; and, accordingly, in the idea of present security, we are enabled to contemplate the scene before us with more complacency, and with an interest melancholy, yet pleasurable. The mind being thus prepared to embrace the work as a whole, is struck at once with the unity of the *tout ensemble*—the athletic form of the father, the limbs of the pubescent son, and the fragile figure of his younger brother, all interlaced and convolved in a wreath of living death, by the scaly folds of their serpentine assailants. The endeavours of the sufferers to extricate themselves by their own power, and the invocations of foreign assistance, for which the children turn confidingly to their parent, and he again to the gods, tend further to increase the unity, while the peculiar form of the serpents, impressing by their motions uniform force upon the whole group have the same effect.

Appalled by terror, a passion which absorbs all others, by reason of its intentness, the eye, at first, sees only the

objects that cause the emotion; then, as the first feelings begin to subside, encompasses the group in its unity, after which it passes with gentler affections to the observance of the work in its details; and varied emotions of pleasure and pain succeed and relieve each other, as the designs and execution of the artist are developed.

After the first paroxysms of passion are over, and a glance has been given at the whole mass, the eye instinctively rests upon the principal figure in the group, which is that of the father—instinctively, I say, for the primordial causes of sublimity are to be found in him more than in either of the sons, whether we consider his size, his muscular power, his energy of action, his physical or intellectual suffering, or the moral dignity of his effort to free his children from the death that is pressing upon them.

The figure of the father is that of a man past the vigour of manhood. Therefore his diminished ability to exert power and sustain suffering deepens the pathetic interest of his situation. He is still robust, however, and the expression of the muscles shows that paternal fear and love have nerved his energies up to the highest effort. Enlaced by both serpents, with his left hand he has seized by the neck the one, which, from its position appears to have been ready to prey upon the elder son, and grasping the body with his right hand, endeavours, by a violent exertion, to sunder the chord that binds him. But, as this wrench is made (and the development and tension of the muscles of the arms and breast, as well as the repose of the brawny and firmset feet, show the violence of the effort,) the serpent irritated at the grasp, turns and seizes him with his teeth, and there is a revulsion which changes the figure from the *active* to the *passive* or *suffering* state. The serpent seizes him in the side, just below the ribs, a point intensely sensitive, and there is a convulsive shudder, causing a reaction of the whole frame—starting the right foot from its firm position, making the body shrink to the opposite side, the chest advance, and the shoulder and head decline; while the contracted brows, the corrugated forehead, and the distorted countenance, exhibit the extremes of pain, terror, and despair

" Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots,  
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man."

for those his self-devoting love has failed to save. The serpent is just biting, and we perceive at once in Laocoön the termination of past action, and the incipiency of present suffering. Never, perhaps, did any work of art exhibit the

mingled workings of a mightier nature. The energies of his frame excited by great paternal solicitude and fear, he has grappled with the dread monster to merge action in suffering, affection in unavailing regret, courage in despair; yet even his agonies cannot wholly rob his features of stern dignity, but disclose, as he turns his face heavenward, a scene worthy of the gods, a great and good man struggling with his fate. The sensation produced by a contemplation of this figure is sublime terrore. The giant self-confiding energies of a manly nature battle with the destroyer, and in the horrour and moral dignity of the act, we are not touched with tenderness of feeling. We see him in the instant of receiving his wound, and shudder as the teeth of the serpent meet together—his suffering is too great, too instantaneous, and terrible to excite compassion—a mightier, wilder, all-absorbing feeling fills the soul.

The second figure of the group in interest is the younger son. We turn to it with softened feelings after dwelling upon the figure of the father, and sensations less painfully pleasureable, are perceived—those of compassion. The figure is just such an one as is calculated to excite that emotion—for compassion is based upon love and admiration, and the slight, graceful, and beautiful form of the youthful sufferer is calculated to inspire us at once with love, and touch us with pity. All our softer sympathies are awakened at seeing the contortions of a child, who, by reason of his age, has not intellectual vigour to sustain suffering, and can oppose to the involving and wound-meditating monster, only the feeble resistance of a gentle nature.

His feet are inlaced painfully, and a coil of the serpent passes around the arms. The right arm is uplifted, a position caused partly by the constriction of the monster, and partly by a vain effort of the child to extricate himself. The head of the serpent winding its fold in closer embrace, and threatening to bite, appears around the right breast, and the sufferer gently pushes it back with his left hand, influenced alike by the pain of greater compression, and the fear of its bite. The movement is a gentle one, (as is shown by the position of the hand,) and suits the nature of the child, who has neither the intellectual nor muscular power fitted for vigorous action. Pain and fear, which often madden manhood, into supernatural exertion diminish, on the contrary, the powers of youth. The slight resistance of the hand, then, is admirably consistent with the fears and feelings of the child, who, regarding the bite of the serpent with more horrour than its constriction, would be careful not to aggravate

his own sufferings by irritating it to inflict a wound with its teeth.

Such is the force of sympathy in gazing upon this figure, that we almost feel ourselves compressed by the serpent coil which is ready to crush the tender limbs of the devoted sufferer; and the heart yearns within us as we behold the tortured features of the child turned in the *instinctiveness* of filial confidence to the father for aid, who has hitherto been his shield and support.

Awed and terrore-struck by the horrour of the father's situation; and softened and subdued by the melting miseries of the younger son, the feelings experience a degree of relief in turning to the third figure, where Hope begins to relieve the darkness of the scene of passion. Inlaced slightly by the left foot, and the right hand, there is to the elder son considerable chance of escape, and the hope of this comes in like a cordial to enliven and renovate our exhausted feelings. His attitude is that of flight, and the position of the right leg and foot show with what vigour he is endeavouring to effect his disentanglement. His face is turned to his father with an expression of inconceivable horrour. The attitude of the head and the expression of the countenance are determined by the reaction that has taken place as the father is stricken by the serpent. The convulsive recession of the father's body from the bite of the serpent, which enfolds both him and the arm of the elder son, arrests the latter, who is struggling to escape in a different direction, his head is instantaneously directed towards his father, and his face pictures the horrour of the scene which he beholds. His situation is rather that of a spectator, as he is less painfully enwreathed, and has great hopes of escape, and we look upon him as in some respects like ourselves—being personally interested the least of all in the terrors and sufferings of the sublime spectacle.

The artist has wisely selected the most appropriate time for the development of his creation. He has chosen a moment in which the figures are in fugitive motion, and by shutting and opening the eyes, we animate the group, and appear to behold the living, moving mass before. The effect is also the same when it is viewed by the uncertain light of torches.

The judgment of the artist is shown also in the graduated size of the figures, and the appropriateness and variety of suffering exemplified in each, according to their respective ages and strength. The *sublime* and *terrible* are well committed to the powerful and athletic frame of Laocoön, as he is best fitted to exhibit the extremes of action and suffering.

The pathetic is displayed with great effect in the sufferings of the younger son, who excites more compassion than could be excited by either of the other figures; and the elder son has the chances of escape, who could not awaken powerful emotions by action; nor by suffering stir all the compassion of the heart as is the case with his younger brother.

In all the figures strict conformity to *anatomical* rule is observed; the parts of the body are duly represented, and the muscles, quiescent or active, properly developed with their interior and exterior configurations under all those modifying appearances, which the passions are calculated to effect.

The artist has also finely observed the law of *proportion* as to characteristic effect, in the grouping parts; the character and distinctive expressiveness of the several figures are given in the most perfect and effective manner.

There is also in the group and in its component figures, *repose* and *motion*, voluntary and involuntary—motion of the former kind being excited by fear and a desire to escape danger—the latter by pain.

We are further presented with *beauty* of form, and *grace* of attitude; but the highest effort of the artist has been in that which admitted of the highest effort—the *ideal*,—and in this we treat with a charm surpassing all others—in the display of conflicting passions elevated above nature, mingled in moving, melancholy beauty.

Never, perhaps, did any group exhibit in like perfection the sublime, the beautiful, and the pathetic, with all the varieties and excellencies of the arts of design so disposed by graduation, and contrast as to diminish or increase the effects desired to be produced.

As a whole it may be considered as superior to any work of ancient or modern times. The right arm of Laocoon is of burnt clay, and was restored by Bernini. There are besides this many other restorations; the right hand of the elder son, the end of the nose, and part of the belly; the right arm of the younger son, the end of his nose, and several of the toes of the left foot, were restored by Cornachini. It may be proper, in conclusion, to say that the author is indebted to Goethe for some of the ideas adduced in this notice of the *Laocoon*.

N.

## W O M A N.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

By Woman's words to man so well seducing,  
Came sin's accursed entrance and our wo;  
She, the unhallowed science introducing,  
Of good forbidden, taught us ill to know.

By woman's lips were first the accents spoken  
To cheer a world whose Hope was in the grave;  
That Jesus had the three days slumber broken,  
And, rising, showed that He was strong to save.

She, from free Eden to the earth's dark prison,  
Led Adam by the flattery of her tongue;  
She unto Peter told, "the Lord is risen!"  
In melody like that to sweet harps strung.

By Woman, then, though sometimes cometh sorrow,  
(And who of mortals is exempt from this?)  
By woman's love, besides the hope of morrow,  
There's full fruition of the present bliss.

She, in life's sunshine, will increase life's pleasure  
By social converse, and the charms of mind;  
She, in affliction, will be found a treasure,  
To sooth the heart and banish care, unkind.

She, in youth's journey, from the wayside flower  
Will pluck the thorn, lest it should give thee pain,  
In age still constant, and in death's last hour  
A helper when all other help is vain.

Go then, ye heartless! to whom Woman never  
Brings up pure images of peace and home,  
And fireside joys, and faithful care, whenever  
Pale sickness seizes, or afflictions come.

Go to that selfish love the cold world offers  
And find your solace, if indeed ye can;  
For me, I'll ever seek, despising scoffers,  
Her virtuous smile—God's richest boon to man!

## RESEARCHES OF THE POLYGLOT CLUB.

NO. I.

### THE PERI'S SONG.

#### THE PERI'S SONG.

BY AN AMERICAN.

September No. of Lady's Book, 1835.

Set to Music by J. Wagler.

A welcome to Ocean,  
A rest to thy form,  
From the whirlwind's commotion,—  
The tempest's wild storm;  
Beneath the dark billow,  
In the untroubled deep,  
I have made a soft pillow,  
To lull thee to sleep.

Thou shalt slumber in quiet;  
The billowy whirl,  
That shouts in mad riot,  
The dark waves that curl  
In eddies around thee,  
Shall never intrude,  
When sleep has once bound thee,  
In sea's solitude.

Our seamaids shall lighten  
The sleep of thy bed;  
Their gold powder brighten  
The hair of thy head;  
They'll plait with caresses,  
Thy soft sunny curls;  
And stud the long tresses  
With diamonds and pearls.

Thou shalt drink from our fountains  
Of chrystral, and rove,  
On Ocean's high mountains,  
The red coral grove,  
Thro' whose stone boughs the glances  
Of sunlight shall pour,  
Like bright golden lances,  
In arrowy shower.

Beneath the waves darkling,  
Surrounded by walls  
Of emerald sparkling,  
Are adamant halls,  
With sapphire roof gleaming,  
And pavement of shells;  
With light from them streaming,  
Like naphtha from wells.

To the music of waters,  
By the moon tuned to song,  
Here Ocean's gay daughters  
Their dances prolong:  
With the fairest, the brightest,  
Come join then thy hand;  
As she trips it the lightest  
Upon the gold sand.

#### CARMEN SIRENIS.

BY THE ROMAN POET TIBULLUS.

Recovered from a charred papyrus at Pompeii.

Contributed by Num. Cai. Bocchus, D. L. L.  
Soc. Polygloss Coll.

Te grator ad mare,  
Hic pax est formæ,  
In quieto, lare  
A turba procellæ:  
Sub aquis marinis,  
In imo teni,  
Vestimentis ostrinis  
Tuum torum stravi.

Dormieris quiete:  
Fluctuosa gurges  
Quæ fertur impete,  
Undæ tortiles  
Verticibus circum,  
Ne perturbent te  
Sopore sepultum,  
In ponto leniore.

Puellæ levabunt  
Soporem lecti;  
Crines illustrabunt  
Arenæ auri;  
Detexent comarum  
Cirrhos studis  
Ornabuntque, gemmarum  
Luce, ac baccis.

Bibes crystalli fontes  
Lustrabisque, nostros  
Submarinos per montes,  
Saltus corallinos,  
Per ramulos quorum,  
Profluet solis  
Splendor radiorum  
Lanceis similis.

Imo maris patentis,  
Septæ incenibus  
Smaragdi lucentis,  
Magnetis domus  
Ostendunt splendentes  
Sapphiros tecto,  
Et testas nitentes  
In pavimento.

Lunæ radii agunt  
Fluctus in numerum,  
Ac Sirenes satagunt  
Velocem chorom;  
Age manum puellæ  
Formosissimæ,  
Ac maxime belle,  
Supra aurum terræ.

## OH! TEMPT ME NOT.

Oh! tempt me not, I will not quaff  
The red insidious tide,  
Within I hear a demon's laugh,  
Oh! turn the bowl aside!

There's death beneath the chalice brim,  
And pain in every glow,  
'Twill nature's brightest radiance dim  
With misery and wo.

A moment's fancied joys may crowd,  
The mind in frantic dream;—  
But ages wrapt in virtue's shroud,  
Within the goblet teem.

Then tempt me not, no friend thou art,  
Who thus would poison fill;  
A felon he who stabs the heart,  
Yet thou the *soul* would'st kill.

Gaze thou within the sparkling cup—  
Ah! start'st thou at the sight?  
Why freeze thy heart's best currents up  
With dark and withering blight?

No magic union meets thine eye  
But things of sterner truth  
A wife and childrens' frantic cry,  
Of misery and ruth.

A father's silvery head is bowed  
In bitterness and tears,  
The cup hath deeper furrows ploughed,  
Than weight of wintry years.

Behold! a brother's manly face,  
Is crimsoned o'er with shame,  
He seeks his home with stealthy pace,  
For blight is on his name.

A sister calls for help in vain,  
A weak and fragile reed,  
For wine her earthly hope hath slain,  
In hour of direst need.

Then tempt me not, I will not quaff  
The dark insidious tide;  
Within I hear a demon's laugh,  
Oh! turn the bowl aside!

*Philadelphia.*

*A. M.*

## THE MORNING STAR.

"Star of the morning! pure and bright,  
Gleaming afar on the throne of night—  
Would that the spirit your song might hear,  
Say, may it fall on a mortal ear?  
May we catch the notes as ye give them birth?  
Will ye send them forth to the joy of earth?"—

And the Star flashed brighter, as soft and low,  
Like the gush of a stream in its summer flow,  
And sweet as the tones of a child in prayer,  
A voice broke forth on the quiet air.

"Mortal! a mission of joy is mine,—  
A mission of mercy and love divine:  
'Tis mine, to delight the wondering eye,  
Ere the Sun looks forth from the Eastern sky:  
At the call of my sister-stars, I come,  
From the hidden depths of my azure home,  
They have cheered the gloom of the sky and air,  
They have flung their radiance everywhere;  
And 'tis mine, to herald the new born day,  
Ere they fade from the sight of man away.

I come! and a mission of joy I bring  
A song of comfort and peace I sing;  
I whisper to man of a faith serene,  
That shall gild the gloom of his closing scene;  
And I bid him triumph as steal away,  
The moments that shorten his earthly stay,  
That a glory brighter than mine, shall be  
With the star that heralds eternity.

E. Y. R.

## REVIEWS.

*The Life and Adventures of Black Hawk; with sketches of Keokuk, the Sauk and Fox Indians, and the late Black Hawk War.* By BENJAMIN DRAKE, Cincinnati: George Concllin, 1838.

Most of our readers have become familiarly acquainted with the name of the redoubted personage whose adventures are detailed in this volume, and whose fame has been spread from Maine to Florida. There was a time when he shared the eager attention of the public with Fanny Kemble and the cholera, and was one of the lions of the day; and as regularly talked about as the weather, the last new novel, or the candidates for the presidency. The war in Illinois, though of brief duration, and not marked by any stirring events, came suddenly upon us after a long series of peaceful years upon the Northwestern border. The savages, weary of fruitless conflicts, or quelled by the superior numbers of a gigantic and growing foe, seemed to have submitted to their fate, and the pioneer had ceased to number the war-whoop among the inquietudes of the border life. The plains of Illinois and Missouri were rapidly becoming peopled by civilized men. A race less hardy than the backwoodsmen were tempted by the calm to migrate to those delightful solitudes that bloomed with more than Arcadian fascinations of fruitfulness and beauty. The smoke of the settler's cabin began to ascend from the margin of every stream in that wide region, and the cattle strayed through rich pastures, of which the buffalo, the elk, and the deer, had long enjoyed a monopoly—an unchartered monopoly—wondering, no doubt, at their good luck in having their lives cast in such pleasant places.

It was the writer's lot to ramble over that beautiful country while these interesting scenes were presented; while the wilderness still glowed in its pristine luxuriance; while the prairie-grass and the wild flowers still covered the plain, and the deer continued to frequent his ancient haunts, and while the habitations of the new settlers were so widely and so thinly scattered that the nearest neighbours could scarcely have exchanged the courtesy of an annual visit without the aid of the seven-league boots of ancient story. But though in solitude, they lived without fear. There were none to

molest nor make them afraid. If they had few friends, they had no enemies. If the Indian halted at the settler's door, it was to solicit hospitality, not to offer violence. But more frequently he stalked silently by, timid of giving offence to the white man, whom he doubtless regarded as an intruder upon his own ancient heritage, but whose possession he had been taught to respect, because he had ever found it guarded by a strong and swift arm, that had never failed to repay aggression with ten-fold vengeance. Suddenly, however, a change came over this cheering scene. The misconduct of a few white men disturbed the harmony of a wide region. The Indians were oppressed and insulted to the last point of forbearance, and a small but restless band, regarded as insubordinate and troublesome even by their own nation, seized upon the occasion to rush to war.

It is wonderful to look back upon this eventful history. The country over which Black Hawk, with a handful of followers, badly armed, and destitute of stores or munitions of war, roamed for hundreds of miles, driving off the scattered inhabitants, is now covered with flourishing settlements, with substantial houses, and large farms—not with the cabins and clearings of bordermen—but with the comfortable dwellings and the well-tilled fields of independent farmers. Organised counties and all the subordination of social life are there; and there are the noisy school-house, the decent church, the mill, the country store, the fat ox, and the sleek plough-horse. The Yankee is there with his notions and his patent-rights, and the travelling agent with his subscription book; there are merchandise from India and from England, and, in short, all the luxuries of life, from Bulwer's last novel down to Brandreth's pills. And all this has been done in six years—in less than half the time of Jacob's courtship. In 1832 the Saukie warriors ranged over that fertile region, which is now (1838) covered with an industrious population; while the Territories of Wisconsin and Iowa, and vast settlements in Missouri, have since grown up, beyond the region which was then the frontier and the seat of war.

We apprehend that we have said enough to show that Mr. Drake has chosen a fruitful subject, and that if he has not spread a dainty repast before his readers the deficiency is not in the bill of fare from which he selected his materials. His scene lies in a region of unexampled beauty, and the period comprised in his narrative is full of stirring events. He tells the story of the Saukies and Foxes, a warlike people, who came from the shores of the St. Lawrence, whence

they were driven, after bloody wars, by the powerful confederacy of the Six nations—who afterwards fought the Wyandots—and who finally subdued the Illini, and settled upon the fertile lands, from which they in turn have been ejected by the Long Knives. The more immediate subject of his volume is a very respectable person, who neither a chief by birth, nor in fact, and was never intended by nature for a hero, but who attained the latter station, in public estimation, according to Mr. Owen's theory of circumstances—all which will more fully appear on reference to Mr. Drake's book.

If we are asked how it came, if Black Hawk was not a great chief, that his name has become so great among all the people—why his name was bruited so widely—why did such crowds grace his levees in all our cities—why

“Widows, wives and maidens ran—  
All longed to see and touch the tawny man,”

if we are asked all this, we reply, that he was made a great man by the newspapers. And here we pause to admonish all aspiring individuals who pant after notoriety, of the importance of cultivating the good will of those who sway that mighty engine, the press. Does any man aspire to be known and admired of the living generation, and to have his memory embalmed upon the page of history, let him anoint his head and gird his loins and hie unto the nearest editor, let him humble himself before the fabricator of public opinion, and propitiate him whose business it is to give unto men a good or an evil name. Keokuk, the great Sauk chief understood this, and when he heard that some reports unfavourable to his nation were circulated in the newspapers of Illinois, he wrote to the Governour of that state, “My father, advise your village criers to tell the truth respecting us, and assist in strengthening the chain of friendship.” This sagacious chief had seen Black Hawk puffed into notoriety, a handful of savage wanderers magnified into a great army, and a great nation disturbed by the exaggerated rumours of a petty war: and rightly did he judge that “the village criers” of the white men were persons of no small consequence.

The work before us is a small volume, got up in a cheap form, and intended by its publisher to circulate among the loco-focos. So much the better; thousands will read it, who might not be tempted to purchase a more costly volume. But it is worthy of a better dress, and will eventually work its way into good society, and in due time become arrayed in

goodly apparel. The style is easy and unpretending, but clear, concise, and accurate, showing the head of a careful, but ready, and not unpracticed writer. The narrative is well digested, full of valuable information, and free from all pedantry and affectation. It is a plain unvarnished tale, written by a scholar and a gentleman, who is as free from the coarseness of hasty composition as he is above the tumid conceits, and jaunty dandyism, that disfigure some of the most ambitious efforts of the day. These qualities, together with the unquestionable authenticity of the narrative, manifested as well by the simple air of candour which pervades it, as by ample references to good authority, have induced us to notice this book with approbation, and to feel a cordial desire to bruit its fame abroad with all the zeal which may become the gravity of "a village crier."

Mr. Drake, though less known on this side of the mountains, has been among the most active and efficient of the pioneers of literature in the West. He was for many years editor of the Cincinnati Chronicle, a weekly paper devoted exclusively to literature and science, which maintained a very fair standing, and was certainly one of the most pleasing and useful papers of that class. Besides a number of agreeable tales, and excellent criticisms from his own pen, he was the author of a series of statistical articles, which, if they did not contribute essentially to the rapid growth of the Queen city of the West, at least made known her prosperous condition, and high pretensions. He is now, we understand, engaged preparing for the press a life of Tecumseh, the celebrated Shawnee chief, which we doubt not will constitute a valuable addition to our national literature. The author has certainly done ample justice to Black Hawk, who, though not a hero, is obviously a marvellously proper gentleman, after the fashion of the Saukie nation, who had passed through all the vicissitudes of border life, and attained a good old age in spite of tomahawks and rifle-balls. We commend the book as one of rare excellence and originality, which will amply repay the labor of a careful perusal.

*The Birds of Aristophanes; translated by the Rev. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, A. M., with notes, pp. 180.—North American Quarterly Magazine.*

THE comic theatre of the Greeks has received but little of that attention which is due to its acknowledged merits, at the hands of the learned, whether cis, or trans-atlantic. With the few exceptions of Dunster, Cumberland, Mitchell, and Elmsley, (for the great Hellenic scholar, Porson, bestowed but little of his time upon it,) the comic portion of the Athenian theatre has been comparatively neglected and overpassed. Why this has been the case, it is not at present our intention to inquire, inasmuch as it would involve the consideration of questions too extensive in their reach, and too abstruse in their nature for the limited space of a mere cursory notice. To academicians, whose means are more ample, and whose opportunities for discussion are more numerous, we must refer the argument. "Enough it is," to quote the Spital Sermon of the excellent Dr. Parr—"and more than enough," for us to lament the neglect of preceding editors of the Greek classics towards this important subject.

To the comic writer more appropriately belongs the lash of satire. The means of laying bare the follies and vices of the time, and of holding up to nature the mirror of truth. To him may, with propriety, be applied the lines of Swift,\* for no one may profess with equal safety and justice the power of exerting that bitter mode of displaying the various vices and infirmities of the human heart. To him is accorded this privilege—a privilege equally valuable on account of its conceded force, and the tacit approval of ages—and, if he does not misapply this power, he may lay claim to that superiour title—a benefactor of the human race.

The ancient comic theatre must not be judged by the rules of modern criticism, nor can it even be reconciled with the dogmas of Aristotle. The fables are by no means luxuriant, and the action is often tame in comparison with more modern productions. But in quaint applications of biting satire—

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\* And my just hate, which Heaven hath decreed,  
Shall on a time, make Sin and Folly bleed.

in light harmonious, and entralling snatches of verse—in the recital of the praises of the gods, and of the heroic achievement of warriours—in hymns of adoration, and in the more jocund strains of luxurious festivity, it holds a sway over the imagination, with which, though the spirit of ages may contest, it can never diminish nor overthrow. In the perusal of the ancient comedies of Aristophanes, of Terence, and of Plautus, we are transported from these modern scenes, and are led imperceptibly, as the play progresses, into the Roman forum, or the Athenian agora. We lose sight of these anti-heroic decorations of the present age; these visions of coat-tails and tight pantaloons, and find ourselves in the presence of the toga and the pallium. It must here be remembered that the people of Athens were a seeing and hearing, not a reading public; and that all appeals to their feelings or passions must be made through the eye or the ear. It must also be remembered, that each citizen possessed a voice potential in all affairs of state, without the intermediate agency of representation. To the Demos—the great body of the people, were referred all questions relative to the welfare of the republic. Themselves constituted the public tribunals of justice. Themselves framed those laws, which, in their judicial capacities, themselves were constituted to administer. But the popular voice is not always infallible; nor is the public mind always incorruptible or unswayed by deceptive arts. Crafty demagogues but too often crept into power, and abused the confidence reposed in them by the people. Evil counsellours, venal orators, sophistical philosophers abounded in the senate, the forum, and the academy. These last perverted the minds of youth, bartered the pure sun of truth for the artificial glare of sophistry, and filled the public mind with false and ephemeral ideas and systems of philosophy. Poets of ability arose, who, by the graces of their effeminate versification, and the irresistible influence which they swayed over these metres which led captive every Athenian sense, gradually introduced new and dangerous opinions, fostered luxury, and weaned the minds and tastes of the audience from the classical and severe, but splendid schools of the ancient tragedians. To contest these innovations, to expose these fallacious systems, to lay bare the venality and contend against the evil influence of corrupt men, to attack ambition, and to ridicule inability; these were the objects of the Grecian comic poets, and more especially of the sharp-witted and penetrating Aristophanes. It was his province to apply the lash to the shoulders of a corrupt dema-

gogue, like Cleon;\* to ridicule the effeminate verses of an Euripides;† to satirize the imbecility of a Lamachus;‡ and to deride the pompous sophistry of a Socrates.§ But if his pen was powerful in exposing the vices and follies of these men, he was among the first to pay the appropriate tribute to honest merit and unpresuming desert.

Of the peculiarities attending the representation of these comedies it would be needless to speak, as almost every one is well acquainted that the audience of a Grecian theatre comprised the entire populace and the various orders of the city as well as multitudes of strangers who annually flocked to Athens, not merely to witness an amusement, but to participate in the devotional rites of the season. Here, then, in the great congregation of a people so keenly endowed with wit, so ready at repartee, so apt to entertain the most remote personal allusion, or the most delicate touch of satire in the midst of collected Athens, was the comic writer to exhibit the times in their true light, to descant upon matters of state or of policy, to attack mal-administration in the presence of the offending powers, to exhibit the light of philosophy in the person of Socrates, seated mid air in a basket—

*αφοβάτω, καὶ περιφέρω τὸν ἥλιον*”—॥

and Euripides, denuding his heroes of their tragic rags, in order to bestow upon Dicœopolis the means of appearing as a beggarly suppliant.¶

Our intention is by no means, however, to enter upon a disquisition as regards the Grecian comic stage, and our wish is not to expatiate at length upon any portion of Aristophanes, with the exception of the *Wasps*. This play, as the preface states, has never been given to the public in an English garb before the appearance of the present version.\*\*

\* Equites v. 247 et post.

‡ Acharnes.

† Ranæ v. 240 et post.

§ Nubes v. 226 et post.

\* Nubes.

¶ Acharnes.

\*\* Besides a translation of the birds which appeared some years since, *sub auspice* of a “member of one of the universities,” which, from the vileness of its translation, deserves the reprobation of every scholar; one or two other translators have attempted the same play. Many other translators have attempted other comedies. In Latin we have a translation of the *Frogs*, by Bergler. Nich. Frischlin, the able editor of the *Defensio Aristophanis contra Plutarchii criminationes* has given us the *Plutus*, the *Clouds*, the *Knights*, and the *Acharnians*. Septimus Florus has rendered the *Wasps*, *Peace*, and *Lysistrate*, but in “such a strain of crabbed phraseology and obsolete diction, as makes his explanation far more difficult to comprehend than the original.” Poinsinet de Livy has given us a French version of the *Theatre of Aristophanes*; Boirein

Mr. Cary, however, here labours under a mistake. But our English translators appear to be either inadequate to the task of rendering Aristophanes justice, or unwilling to grapple with the fine witticisms, or imitate the polished verse in which this princely comedian abounds. It is, indeed, an appalling task to a translator to infuse the brilliant and volatile spirit of Aristophanes, from its native and pure Greek, into our heavier and less ductile tongue. The peculiarities of dialect, and the celebrated puns which occur in the original, render this task doubly difficult, and as the labours of translation are but too often incorrectly valued and inadequately appreciated, it follows thence, that but few are willing to encounter the undertaking upon such frail grounds for success and ultimate reward. To the genius of Mitchell, whose excellent translations of the Wasps, with portions of the Acharnians and the Knights, are extensively known, the reading public is eminently indebted. With vast success he has imitated that most difficult measure, which Aristophanes himself invented, and to which he has given his own name. With equal vigour he has seized upon the iambic and trochaic measures, and moulded them into English verse of equal purity and force. The metres of the present translation of the Birds are not imitated from the Grecian model, "because," says the author, "it appears very questionable whether such an attempt can ever succeed in our language." But if Mr. Cary will turn to the measures of Mitchell in his Acharnians, he will find the troaic and anapaestic measures of the Greeks imitated with great success. Nor can we agree with his remarks upon the trifling manner in which these anapaestic measures have generally been employed; still less, that the genius of the English tongue cannot endure many lines of this measure consecutively. It is to this half-careless—*dégage* manner, that Aristophanes owes half his charm, and the measure in which Mr. Mitchell has imitated his author, is to say the least, more gratifying to the ear than that of Mr. Cary. Thus, we have the fine opening burst of double trochaics, in which the Knights made their attack upon Cleon—

παῖς, παῖς, τὸν πανούργον, καὶ ταρχεῖτσοτφετιν,  
καὶ τειώτην, φεὶ φύραγγα, καὶ Χάρυβδιν ἀρταγῆτ,  
καὶ πανούργον, καὶ πανούργον, &c. &c.

Ιππησ.—133.

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the younger has attempted the Birds, and Madame Dacier has translated the Clouds and Plutus. Wieland has given us a German translation of the Clouds; and in England, Dunster, White, Theobold, Cumberland, Mitchell, Fielding, Wm. Young, and this anonymous gentleman of the university have each exercised their pens in translations of various comedies.

Stripes and torment, whips and scourges, for the toll-collecting knave!  
Knighthood wounded, troops confounded, chastisement and vengeance  
crave.

Taxes sinking, tribute shrinking, mark his appetite for plunder!  
All his craw and ravening maw, dykes and whirlpools fail for wonder!  
Explanation and evasion—covert art and close deceit—  
Fraudful funning, force and cunning, who with him in these compete.  
He can cheat and eke repeat twenty times his felonfeat,  
All before yon blessed sun has quenched his lamp of glowing heat.  
Then to him—pursue him—strike, shiver and hew him,  
Confound him and pound him, and storm all around him.

*Mitchell's Translation, p. 180.*

This is in decidedly better taste than the measure of Mr. Cary, whose rhyme brings strongly to our recollection those exquisite iambics of *Commere L'Oye—Anglice—Mother Goose*. The vulgarity of this species of rhyme is so palpable, that we wonder why Mr. Cary has not discovered his error; and if to Mr. Mitchell it can with propriety, be alleged, that his measures are applicable only to trifling subjects, the charge may be retorted with double effect upon the head of his accuser. For this accusation, there are at least, sufficient grounds for recrimination.

But it is not only to the slip-shod construction of Mr. Cary's verse that all his faults may be attributed. He has been exceedingly careless in revising this drama, and to the utter confusion of his reader, has crammed the speeches of opposite characters into each other's mouths, thereby injuring very materially, the effect of the scene, and the harmony of the versification. Of this fault, we shall give examples in our succeeding pages. He has likewise introduced many colloquial vulgarities into his text, and by a similar proceeding, as that of Mr. Fitzball and his *clique* of melo-dramatists, has put into the mouths of Athenian personages, phrases and expressions which might do very well from the lips of a cockney coal-heaver; but, which are entirely out of place, and disgustingly flat when grafted upon Athenian manners.

The preface of Mr. Cary contains little upon the subject of the ancient metres, which has not been handled by every grammarian who has compiled any series of rules as regards this branch of the language.\* But we do not like the confident tone which he assumes in speaking of the mode of treating these measures, and what he asserts respecting the superior versification of Massinger, as a model, in regard to comedy, is founded upon fallacy. If Mr. Cary means that Massinger's slow, solemn, and heroic verse, is the best vehicle for the translation of the Aristophanic iambics, he is strangely mistaken. It is upon this point only, that we are at issue

with Mr. Mitchell. He has fallen into a similar misapprehension, and although he has evidently framed those portions of his translation which are rendered into blank verse, from the comedies of Ben Jonson, a more decided imitation of the ancient comedy, than any one of his contemporaries, he has failed in producing the effect intended. It cannot prove otherwise than a failure; for the genius of old English blank verse, if not repulsive, is at least disconsonant to the quick flashes of Attic phraseology and Aristophanic wit.

This is, however, a discussion somewhat too irrelevant to the subject before us, and, previously disclaiming aught of prejudice or hypercriticism, let us be permitted to proceed in exhibiting some of the mistakes committed in this version of the *Aves*.

It would be needless for us to compare the present version of Mr. Cary, either with the translation previously mentioned or with that of Mons. Boivin the younger, who has edited a French version of the same play. The plot of the comedy is somewhat singular, as indeed, are all the comedies of Aristophanes. In it, all the inventive powers of ridicule, satire, personal attack, and brilliant wit which the comedian possessed, are lavished with singular eloquence and judgment. Sarcasms and inuendoes are dealt forth most unmercifully against the pagan system of theology, blended with the most acute and powerful attacks upon the Athenians themselves. All the engines of offence with which Aristophanes is so bounteously provided, are levelled against both people and gods; and, strange to relate, the same causes which differently employed, brought the poisoned chalice to the lips of Socrates, are only subservient to the purpose of enhancing the reputation of the witty and malicious dramatist. The mysteries which the light of philosophy vainly attempted to penetrate, are laid bare by the vivid flash of satirical comedy. The scimitar of Saladin could perform what the double handed sword of the Lion-heart failed to execute. The philosopher died, persecuted by an Athenian rabble for the very attempt which they applauded in the play-wright. Inuendoes directed against the heathan theocracy in the powerful verse of the tragedian *Æschylus*, procured his banishment; open attack in the brilliant anapæst of Aristophanes, was received with rapture and approbation.

The plot of this piece is made up in a singularly bold manner. Two citizens of Athens, disgusted with their native state, resolve upon finding some city of refuge where they may be exempted from the daily mortification and trouble which they met with at home. They accordingly, piloted by

a magpie and a jackdaw, set forth in search of Eops, king of the winged tribes, who had formerly inhabited the earth, under the name of Tereus.\* The play opens with the entrance of Pisthetærus and Euelpides, the two old men, under the guidance of their respective pilots. This scene, with one or two exceptions, is sufficiently well rendered, and as a favourable sample of the piece, we are tempted to transcribe it.

*Euelpides (speaking to his jackdaw.)* Bidst thou me go straight  
Onward where the tree is?

*Pist.* Plague on thee; but this bird of mine croaks. "Back again."

*Euel.* Thou miserable fellow, can't resolve me  
Wherefore we thus do wander up and down,  
Periling ourselves in this wild, random search?

*Pist.* Wretch that I am, to have been danced about  
More than an hundred stadia in obsequiousness  
To a raven's marshalling!

*Euel.* My fate is no better,  
That have been tearing off my nails to scramble  
After this jackdaw!

*Pist.* Where i' the world we are  
I have no guess!

*Euel.* And could'st thou find out hence  
Where one's own country lies?

*Pist.* By Jupiter, that  
Might puzzle Execestides himself.

*Euel.* Out on it!

*Pist.* Friend, do you go, try that way.

*Euel.* He has played us a pretty trick, no doubt on't,  
That fellow with his tray there, mad Philocrates,  
Who told us that these two would show us where  
We might find Tereus out, the Eops, him  
Who was made bird out of a bird. He sold  
Him Tharrelides' jackdaw for an obol,  
And me this fowl for three; but devil of thing  
They know but how to bite one. And you, sirrah, (*to the jackdaw.*)

You with your mouth agape, what wot you of?  
Where wilt thou take us next? into the rock?  
For here I see no way.

CARY, p. 212, Am. Quar. Mag.

\* Vide Ovidii Metamorph.

With this opening, we should be extremely well contented, had the translator confined his pruriency of imagination to a due regard for his text. He amplifies his author too much; and some of his lines, despite of his veneration for Massinger, halt on the foot very much after the manner of Mephistopheles. The word obol in the last speech is a very poor abbreviation of obolus, which latter expression, had he fully retained, would have added somewhat to the smoothness of his metre.\* Nor are we exactly satisfied with the originality of the succeeding lines. We cannot divine in what manner the Rev. Mr. Cary could have extracted from the words of Aristophanes—

*τώ δ' οὐκ ἀπέτινεν αὐτοῖς, πλὴν δακρύειν.*

the more comprehensive sentence—

*but devil a thing*

They know but how to bite one—

which, in addition to its vulgarity, offends us by its bad construction. Surely Mr. Cary had forgotten his preface, where he impugns the grossness of some Aristophanic expressions; as well as the trite remark, that although oaths may serve as an occasional garnish to certain discourse, there some dishes in which the lack of such ornaments is by no means reprehensible.

The birds gave notice to our weary wayfarers that the habitation of the Eops is at hand. Mr. Cary here, has managed to displace the speeches of his characters; a fault which although it may appear trivial in itself, is unpardonable in an editor, professing to give an accurate translation. Euelpides announces his belief that the birds are at hand, and Pisthetærus desires him to knock with his foot against the rock.

Πυγ. αλλ' οἴσθ' ὁ δράσον; τῷ σκέλει θίνε τὸν πέτραν.

ΕΤΕΑ

οὐ δὲ τη καθαρι γ', οὐ κα διπλάσιον ὁ Φοφος

ΠΙΕΙΣ

οὐ δ'οὐν λέων κόρον λαζαν

ΕΤΕΑ

πάντα γ', οὐ δακρύ.

παῖ, παῖ.

By following the translation of Mr. Cary, it will be seen that he has transposed these sentences. In the first place giving the speech of Pisthetærus to Euelpides, and so continuing the error.

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\* Mitchell and Cumberland use the same abbreviation.

*Euel.* Aye, and this daw too  
Is gaping upward,\* as 'twould show me somewhat.  
It cannot be but that the birds are here.  
We shall know that anon, an' we make noise enough.  
*Dost know what's best to do? Strike with thy foot*  
*Against the rock.*

*Pist.* And with thy head strike thou;  
So shall the noise be double.

*Euel.* Take a stone then,  
And knock.

*Pist.* That's something like. Here goes.

*Euel.* Boy! boy!  
CARY, p. 214.

The mistake continuing thus through four consecutive speeches, besides the palpable blunder and provincial vulgarity in the translation—

That's something like. Here goes!

which mal-translation there is neither necessity nor good taste to warrant. But Mr. Cary supposes these gay effusions to be "tolerably close to the original."

Trochilus, an attendant bird upon the Eops, is disturbed by these clamours, as indeed well he might be, not only roused by the noise of the worthy Athenians, but equally astonished at their curious mode of expression, if we take Mr. Cary's version for verity. We cannot understand why Mr. C. has taken such liberties with the grave Pisthetærus as to force him to exclaim, in the hail of a tar, or the euphonious cry of a sportsman—

*Hilloah! what say'st thou?*—

for which nautical expression the text—

*τι λέγεις, οὐρας;*

gives but small warranty.

Much of this blank verse degenerates into mere flat prose, almost as vile a perpetration as that of the university translator; and such lines as many in the ensuing scene with Trochilus, either display a decline of poetic taste, or an extreme negligence on the part of the translator. For instance:

That he might have me for his pursuivant, and still  
To serve him.

and

I am sure of that; but to please you I'll wake him—  
are extremely deficient in just metre.

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\* A bad translation of the original.

Trochilus, after demanding from whence these strangers come, and learning their desire to see the Epops, goes out to inform him, first warning the Athenians of the probability that the Epops may be much displeased by their intrusion. He (the Epops) accordingly enters upon the scene, to the no small dismay of his visitors, and especially of honest Euelpides, who is represented as the gracioso of the piece. In this scene, either Mr. Cary has made a mistake in the meaning, which is probable, inasmuch as the same mistake occurs a few pages afterwards, or has taken his orthography of the word from some obsolete work, as the ancient dramatists never make use of any such expression. Euelpides inquires of the Epops;

κατὰ σοι ποῦ τὰ πτερά;

which Mr. C. translates—

But where thy *pennons*?

*πτερά*, according to Schrevelius, means “wings.”\* From Mr. Cary’s orthography, one would be led to suppose that Euelpides was making inquiry for the banners, or flags of the Epops, instead of his feathers or pinions. The use of obsolete terms has been pronounced, by competent authority, to be in decided bad taste. We trust, in subsequent editions of this play, that Mr. Cary will correct this error, which occurs in divers places throughout the present edition, many of the phrases of our ancient dramatists being introduced with a similarly bad effect. Some of these interpolations we shall have occasion to indicate.

The Epops demands of Euelpides who, and whence are these strangers. The answers of the Athenian are well translated, with some few exceptions.

*Euel.* Since thou wert first a man, e’en as we, once,  
And wert in debt moreover, as we, once,  
And wouldest fain *shirk thy creditors*, as we once;  
But after for a bird’s thy nature changedst,  
And flewst o’er lands and seas the circle round,  
And so kenn’st all things that or man or bird may;  
Therefore as suppliants are we hither come to thee,  
If thou wouldest show us some warm, well-fleeced city,  
To creep into like a blanket and lie snug.

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\* πτερόν.      *Groves’ Lexicon.*

*Epopos.* Seekst thou a greater city than the Craggy?

*Euel.* A greater? no; but one more suited to us.

*Epopos.* You're looking for an aristocracy, I trow.

*Euel.* If Hang me then. I hate his very name,

*That whoreson cub of Scellius.*

*Epopos.* My sweet fellow,  
Tell me what sort of city 't is you'd like.

CARY, p. 216.

In the foregoing extract there are several trivial mistakes, some very rough metre, and no small sprinkling of the vulgar. The word *shirk*, has no opposite in the Greek, and the phrase, to *shirk a man's creditors*, although it may figure very finely upon the classical pages of Captain Grose, is an extremely inelegant expression when applied to the text of Aristophanes. The play upon the word *αριστοκράτειος* is also lost in the translation, being applicable to the term aristocracy, and having also reference to one Aristocrates, the son of the Scellius mentioned in the text. The next speech of Euelpides is altogether mistranslated; and the epithet "whoreson cub," it would have been well if Mr. Cary, with all his horror of Aristophanic grossness, had entirely expunged, taking with it the ensuing epithet of "trull." How Mr. Cary has managed to extract this meaning from the speech,

ἵνωται καὶ τὸν Σκέλλιον βαθύττροπαι.\*

we are at a loss to imagine. He truly appears to be much after the fashion of those Pharisees, who could strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. A little below, occurs a further inelegance; Epopos compliments Pisthetærus with the term, "sorry rascal."

A few lines further on occurs a note, which for its perfect *naïveté*, and exquisite simplicity, deserves notice—

*Euel.* There's at least then—

No counterfeit coin, no forging in your country.

*Note.* As they had no money, there was no forgery among them.

*Edepol!* a most excellent reason—palpable as day—*luce clarus!*—the currency of that happy realm must be, as Capt. Bobadil has it, "somewhat of the least."

From these faults we trust, of omission, we turn with pleasure to a more pleasing task, and must commend Mr. Cary's beautiful translations of the trochaic measures in this play.

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\* βαθύττροπαι.

He is evidently at home in these, and displays great poetic taste and ingenuity. We must first notice what we conceive to be a spirited translation of the line,

ὦ φίλατας ὁρίνειν σὺ, μη τοῦ ἰσταδι.

which Mr. Cary has very tastefully rendered, by the words,  
O brave! I love thee, bird, for this. But haste, &c.

It is often in short exclamations like this, that the truest poetry is found. Leigh Hunt has averred, that Shakspeare would have proved his claim to the title of poet, had he written no more than the lines—

Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.

and

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.

Without comparing Shakspeare with Mr. Cary, we may safely aver, that many such poetical and chaste morceaux may be found in his translation of the Birds.

We now come to the beautiful invocation of Eops to the nightingale, which Mr. Cary has rendered with unusual taste and judgment. We should, however, premise that Eops, being moved by the representations of Pisthetærus, who proposes to erect a government among the winged tribes, invokes the nightingale to his aid, in the following beautiful lines—

ΕΠΟΥ  
Ἄγε συννομέ μοι, πάντας μὲν ὑπου, &c.

O come, my mate, break off thy slumbers,  
And round thee fling thy plaintive numbers  
*In a moist, melodious hymn,*  
*Warbled from thy brown throat dim:*  
For Itys, our beloved son,  
Thine and mine, now dead and gone,  
Fill the forest with thy moaning;  
Till through the woodbine boughs the groaning  
Of thy voice to Jove's throne climb,  
And mingle with the starry chime,  
Where golden tressed Phœbus soon  
Shall answer in as sad a tune,  
From his ivory clasped lyre,  
That leads in dance the stately choir;  
And from the best above shall flow  
A peal accordant to thy woe.

CARY, pp. 219. 220.

It has been supposed, and possibly with justice, that this in-

vocation is intended as a parody upon Euripides, in the *Helena*.  
For our part—

Non nobis tantas componere lites;  
but we shall ever consider it as a beautiful effusion of the  
muse of Aristophanes.

Mr. Cary has rendered equal justice to the succeeding  
speech of Pisthetaerus—

Ἄντε Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τοῦ φθέγματος τούρνεῖν.  
οἷον κατημάτωτε την λόχμην ὅλην.

*Pist.* Oh Jupiter! for the voice of that sweet bird!  
*How it hath honied all the thicket round!*

*Euel.* Ho!

*Pist.* What's the matter?

*Euel.* Won't you list?

*Pist.* For why?

*Euel.* The bird begins to warble out again.

*Epopos.* Epopoi! popopo! popoi! popoi!  
Flock hither! flock hither! flock hither!

Hilloah! hilloah!\*

All ye of like feather,

Wherever ye be,

Whether barley ye gather,

Or seed on the lea;

With a skip and a bound,

And a song of sweet sound,

Flock ye hither to me.

Ye that twitter the clod around,

Tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tio,

Or in any bush dwell

'Mid gardens, in mountain or dell;

Who dip the beak or who brush the wing

In reedy pool, or in plashy spring;

On berries of wilding olive feed,

Or strip off the arbute's scarlet seed.

Come along, come along

To the voice of my song,

Trioto, trioto, trioto, tobrinx;

Or on wide, fenny flats,

Flitting after the gnats,

When they're twanging their horn,

Snap them up; or at morn,

---

\* A bad translation—it would have been better to have retained the imitation of the Greek text.

Where the dew lies, are seen  
 Glancing over the green  
 Of sweet Marathon's mead;  
 And with pinion so bright,  
 Hazel hen, hazel hen;  
 Or whose tribes take a flight  
 On the tumbling sea billow,  
 Where the king-fishers pillow,  
 Come hither and hear  
 What news we have here:  
 For all our tribes are gathering,  
 Fowls of every plume and wing:  
 And there is among us brought  
 An elder shrewd of subtle thought,  
 That plans new counsels for our state.  
 Come all, and aid the deep debate:  
 Hither! hither! hither!

CARY, pp. 220, 221.

Although this translation is by no means free from faults, Mr. Cary has succeeded in giving an excellent version of the text as regards its general tenour, nor do we feel disposed to the ungrateful task of criticising so beautiful poetry. Although we do not profess that the mere sight of a flower, or the casual strain of a poem can infuse into us

"Thoughts that will often lie too deep for tears."

we are equally desirous of avoiding the callousness of the renowned Peter Bell, to whom

"A primrose on the river's brim,  
 A yellow primrose was to him,  
 And it was nothing more."

We must iterate our compliment to Mr. Cary's taste, and profess ourselves highly gratified by his version.

The next scene introduces a description of the various birds as they join the debate. It is given in the iambic of seven feet, which Mr. Cary considers the best measure in which the English tongue can be adapted to the translation of the Aristophanic anapaest. It has the merit of faithfulness as regards the translation, but is of too great length to introduce in this place. We do not greatly admire, however, Mr. Cary's transition from the anapaest to the trochaic, in the chorus—

*ἴα, ία',  
 πρόδειγμά, αὐτού τ' επαγμένη, &c.*

nor the version of the succeeding chorus, in which the birds

advance to the attack upon our unlucky elders. The translation—

And they both shall be food for our *snout*,  
is exceedingly bald. It would pose Buffon himself to discover aught of similitude in a bird's bill to a snout, which is rather appropriate to the quadruped creation. And the concluding lines of the second strophe—

No delay; no delay. Haste to rend and to bite,  
*And quick wheel the captain his wing to the right*—rather suggests the idea of a review in battalion of the foot-guards, than that which is intended to be expressed by the Greek text.

The scene succeeding, where Pisthetærus and Euelpides prepare for battle, much after the fashion of Sanga in the Eunuchus of Terence, by seizing upon spits, ladles, and iron pots, to repel the assault of the birds, is given with much spirit, and is a good version of the author's text. Peace being restored, Pisthetærus informs the collected birds of his plans for the formation of an aerial city, and urges upon them the necessity of placing a proper value upon their own importance. The next portion of the play which we shall notice, is the concluding chorus of the first act, in address to the nightingale.\*

XΟΡΟΣ.

Ὥ. φίλη, ὥ. ξουρη, ὥ.  
φιλτάτε ὄρνιαν, &c.

O gentle bird of auburn wing,  
Gentlest and dearest, that doth sing  
Consorting still with mine thy lay,  
Loved partner of my wildwood way,  
Thou'rt come, thou'rt come; all hail! all hail!  
I see thee now, sweet nightingale,  
Low twittering lead thy pipe along;  
Then sudden in a spring-tide song  
Burst out the descant bold and free,  
Of anapaestic minstrelsy.

CARY, p. 236.

\* We must here stay our course for a few moments, before entering upon this beautiful specimen of Aristophanes, to admire the elegance with which he adorns his subject. Indeed, from the light trochaic, to the iambic, and the swelling anapaestic tetrameter, the gush of sweetness and melody which charms the ear of the mind no less than the eye of the body, is most astonishingly rich and redundant. In the Ranæ, the contest between Æschylus and Euripides, proves Aristophanes to be no mean rival of those writers, and fully equal to cope with either of their peculiar measures. And, again, as a most exquisite model of poetry, the splendid solemnity of this Parabasis of the Birds, alternating between the trochaic and the anapaestic measures, has rarely been equalled, and has never been excelled.

The transition to the anapaest is equally fine and harmonious.

Oh, come, ye men, ye brittle things, mere images of clay,  
Ye flitting leaves, ye shadowy shapes, ye creatures of a day;  
Poor, wingless, wretched mortals ye, like nothing but a  
dream;

Give heed to us, and list for once to an immortal theme:  
Immortals we, and live for aye, from age and sorrow free;  
Our mansion is the viewless air; our thoughts, eternity.

CARY, p. 237.

The entire chorus is translated with much energy and taste, but to the trochaics we are, in duty bound, to give the preference.

Muse, that from the forest brinks  
Thy liquid measures oft doth trill,  
Tio, tio, tio, tinx:  
With whom I wont to rove  
Through glen or grove,  
Tio, tio, tio, tinx.  
Then to the mountain tops we hie,  
*Or on ash tree wildly swinging,\**  
To Pan our holy numbers singing;  
Or from brown throat, strained high,  
Warbling forth loud melody  
To the Mountain mother, fill  
The woods with songs, her sacred dances leading;  
Tototo, tototo, tototo, totinx:  
Whence like a bee,  
On ambrosial numbers feeding,  
Phrynicus hath borne away  
Notes t' imbue his dulcet lay.

CARY, pp. 238, 239.

This translation is replete with elegance, and Mr. Cary seems here to have caught the true Aristophanic spirit. We would here remark, that he has not properly marked the distinction between the chorus and semi-chorus; a division of much importance in the Greek metre. The last quoted extract is a semi-chorus of trochaics, after which the full chorus resumes the anapæst.

The second act introduces Pisthetærus and Euelpides, adorned with plumage, and about to consecrate the newly founded city "Nephelococcygia." We pause to notice the sacred invocation and the accompanying chorus, which elicit some fine points of translation from Mr. Cary. He has, how-

\* ἴσθμενος μοίας επὶ φυλλοκομοῦ.

ever, with what we must harshly call his accustomed carelessness, again misplaced the speeches of the various characters.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ.

*δράσας τάδ', ἀλλὰ ποῦ στὸν ὁ τὸ καροῦ ἰχων; &c.*

*Priest.* It shall be done.

But where is he that hath the basket? Now:

Do ye with prayer and solemn rite  
On Ornitheian Vesta call,  
And on the guardian kite,  
And birds Olympian all,  
To all of either gender,  
Their due devotion render:  
And in loud anthems sing.

The next line is a fine translation; but it is the chorus, Mr. Cary, and not Pisthetærus, who respond.

*Ἄ Σουνίηπες, χαῖρ' ἀνεξ πελαργοῖς.*

Hail, Sunian hawk! all hail Pelargick king!

The sacrifices are presently interrupted by the entrance of a poet, whom Pisthetærus indulges in a new doublet and vest: he is succeeded by a prophet, an envoy, Meto, (a geometricalian,) and a legislator, all of whom are driven from the newly founded city. These interruptions give Aristophanes an excellent opportunity for the exercise of his wit, and he does not omit the use of them. The translator has given us a very good version of these scenes, which we have no space, much to our regret, to analyse. Cinesias, a herald, an informer, and a parricide, are then in turn, brought upon the scene, who receive their share of castigation in common with the others. The fourth act introduces Prometheus, who cowering beneath an umbrella, (*σκιάδυνον*) endeavors to conceal himself from Jupiter. He informs Pisthetærus that Jupiter's *cuisine* is considerably incommoded by the city of the clouds, and instructs him that ambassadors from Olympus will presently arrive to treat of peace. He also advises Pisthetærus to

Grant no conditions, unless Jove,  
Restore the sceptre to the birds again,  
And gives (him) Basilea for (his) wife.

Nor do we admire the translation of the ensuing passage:

*ἀπαρτά γ' αὐτὸς ταμινός;*

So, she's his *Major Domo?*

Which translation, had it been perpetrated by an Irishman, would have passed for a genuine specimen of "Hibernian saffron."\* We are somewhat astonished that Mr. Cary did not bestow upon Basilea the more euphonious title of "chief cook and bottle washer."

The next scene presents Neptune, Hercules, and Triballus, a barbarian god, in the quality of ambassadors. This scene is a most daring attack upon the Greek theology, and caricatures, most unmercifully, the gluttony of Hercules, the empty self-importance of Neptune, and the barbarous dialect of Triballus. Mr. Cary has rendered it with sufficient humour. The peace is concluded, and Pisthetærus departs for the Olympian palaces, in order to receive Basilea for his wife.

We must here conclude our observations, already sufficiently extensive, upon Mr. Cary's translation. There are several useful notes appended to this edition, which may be read with advantage by the scholar, and which evince symptoms of an extensive acquaintance with Greek literature.— We trust before long, that Mr. Cary will favour us with another translation of these delightful comedies; and if he will discard several conventional vulgarisms, smooth some rough metre, and attempt a different style in the anapæstic measure, he will be entitled to the regards and gratitude of every lover of the Grecian tongue. We perceive, if we do not mistake the tenor of an appended criticism, that this is the first American edition of these comedies. If so, it speaks well for the advancement of this most classic tongue, and argues favourably for its more general reception among us.

*An Address delivered before the College of New Jersey; by  
S. L. SOUTHARD, L.L.D. Princeton, N. J.: R. E. Horner,  
1837: pp. 50.*

Whether the *Holy Scriptures* be estimated by the scale of their influences upon individuals, or the vast communities in which these are aggregated, as nations, they will be found of priceless value. The world is more in debt to these pages, than it is willing to acknowledge. For, it cannot be denied, that the principles of Christianity are the surest guides for our conduct in the walks of private life, or the

\* See Rabelais. tom. 4.

stations of public duty. These control our thoughts, our language, and our actions. It is true, this control is not of like power with all; yet all feel it in a greater, or less force of influence. That all are not equally influenced by these divine principles, is not less true, than that many are directed by them to a wider extent than they are willing to confess. It is then from the *conduct*, not the declarations of such, we are to judge how far this influence extends. Even professed infidels are, insensibly, (or with cognizance, it may be, in many instances) directed by feelings of consciousness, that could not, in possibility, spring from any other than hearts over whose emotions, correct principles bear at least a limited sway. They may have been instilled into their minds in hours of infancy, or at a period so far in the vista of past life, that the source from which they sprung, may, no longer, be recognized. Yet, by a careful comparison of their avowed principles with the conduct that purports to be the legitimate offspring of the same, it will be discovered that a glaring inconsistency exists. The truth is—they profess to embrace, heartily, some infidel or sceptical creed, as the directory of life; and, yet, practice upon one far different. They are governed, all the while by the precepts of the very code they ostensibly aim to abolish, and at which their unhallowed opposition is directed with the zeal of demoniacal folly.

Even professed *moralists*, whilst they pretend to follow the dictates of nature and of a judgment which they imagine uncontrolled, are indebted to Christianity for the prosperity of their business and their peaceful movements in the paths of either public, or private, life. That of which they suppose themselves most independent, affords the most salutary counsels and efficient aids. It is Christianity that has turned the current of their present destiny into the channel through which it so smoothly passes. And, so far as the *present* state of existence is concerned, they reap advantages unsurpassed by those enjoyed by the Christian himself. Indeed, little difference is to be discerned, between, the life of the moralist, and that of the believer. In their *motives* they mainly differ. The latter keeps constantly in view, the will of the Creator, and knowingly suffers no motive to impel his conduct, that will not bear the scrutiny of His eye. The moralist contents himself with an action, if it can but withstand the scrutiny of his fellow-men, and is abstractly just in their judgments. Yet, Christianity benefits him in no small degreee. It renders a voyage over the ocean of time, one of calms, instead of storms. Those winds that

prove adverse and destructive to other barks, are safely encountered by his. He rides in safety, many a social breaker that makes an entire wreck of those, whose lives are passed as though regardless of all that is correct in principle or salutary in practice.

If, then, the *temporal* influences alone of those principles the Bible teaches, are so advantageous in a public, as well as private point of view; how important it must be to insure their general diffusion among all classes! On this point a fatal error seems to have prevailed in the minds of our countrymen. They really appear to imagine, correct moral feelings—to say nothing of holier emotions—essential in the humbler spheres of action, alone: as if they were not as indispensable to the *statesman*, as to the lowest menial of the household. A state of licentiousness of language and conduct, that approaches to a feeling of complete insubordination and disregard of moral restraints, has, of late, exhibited itself in the lives of public men; and this condition of things, calls urgently for correctives. Until these correctives are applied, and individuals of that influence which *station* so surely begets, awake to a proper sense of their individual responsibility, we cannot expect that condition of the broad surface of our country which every man of correct wishes, would rejoice to behold.

Whence, then, are we to derive these correctives? Let us, for a moment, inquire. If we are indebted to the Holy Scriptures directly, or indirectly, for such influences as we have been describing; then should they constitute one of the *text-books* in our schools and colleges. Their fountains should be freely opened; and those who are preparing themselves for public usefulness, should be induced to drink daily of their sanitive and invigorating waters. *If the study of the Bible, were required as an essential to graduation in all our colleges,* thus placing it in the list of classical books, the consequences would be hailed with delight by every one who desires to see this republic attain that height of moral elevation she should hold. Then statesmen, whose principles were thus in early life formed upon the scripture-model, would carry with them throughout their public career, such a due sense of their representative responsibility, as could but result in the welfare of the people. Whilst our *rulers*—as they have been improperly styled—are regardless of the dictates of Christianity, what can be expected of the great mass of their constituency? Men in the humbler walks of life, very naturally look up to men of “high places”—to

borrow an expression from the very book of which we are writing. They plead *their* conduct in palliation of their own vices and follies. And this they, in truth, may do with a seeming propriety. If men, who have every advantage for obtaining suitable views of what is correct in deportment, indulge in vices of the most "frightful mien," and yet excuse themselves by a declaration that they *believe* they are acting with propriety; we may anticipate nothing more laudable, from the man who has enjoyed none of these advantages, and whose mind is enveloped in native clouds; and to whose very stations nothing ennobling attaches. Whilst the members of our National and State Legislatures, who are called to the positions they occupy, for the purpose of affording salutary checks to the spread of moral corruption, indulge in all the common vices of the day—what influence can their legislative acts have upon the great mass of the people? Why enact laws to prevent vice, if their own example leads directly to the encouragement of their infraction? Whilst members of legislative and official stations in general, are seen at the card-table, at the race-field, or amid scenes of *nightly debauch*, men of private, and less responsible stations, will continue to follow their blighting example. And nothing but a study of the precepts of the Holy Scriptures, and a desire to regulate the tenour of life, thereby, will render our public men what they ought to be, in view of the immense and irresistible influence they exert upon the communities they are called upon to serve. In early life,—in school boy, or collegiate, days,—is the most suitable period to pursue this study. Precepts learned then, are rarely forgotten in future life.

The importance of the study of the Bible, as a classic, might be urged from other considerations; but we have noticed its moral worth alone—saying nothing of it as the only repository of the earliest history of our race, and of its vast literary stores. In the remarks we have made, a train of thought has been pursued, into which our mind was directed by the perusal of the address the annunciation of which we have made above.

Feeling conscious that its author treats the subject with an ability worthy of its grandeur, we shall proceed to give a few extracts. Indeed it would afford no little pleasure, did space permit, to give far more of it than will be allowable.

After a very pathetic introduction, in which he refers in a touching strain, to the hours he passed in the institution whose students he was addressing, Mr. Southard proceeds:—

"What is the Bible? It purports to be a communication from the all-knowing and eternal Mind of the universe. A record of our race—of our creation—powers—capacities and destiny. Its claims, in these respects, demand for it an earnest attention. Its origin, preservation and existence, at the present moment, is a standing, perpetual miracle. A great part of it was written more than three thousand two hundred years ago; and all of it, has been of nearly eighteen hundred years duration. For centuries the art of printing gave no aid in multiplying copies and preserving it. Yet from the time when its pages were first written, it has been handed down from age to age, protected in its integrity and purity—undefaced, unmutilated, and almost unaltered. And where are the writings of the nations co-temporaneous with its origin? Of Assyria, Chaldea, and Egypt? Of all those which preceded Greece and Rome? They perished with their authors, or were lost in the wastings of their nations.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why the difference as to this book? For many hundred years, copies were not multiplied and scattered, so that the ordinary causes of decay, and destruction, could not reach them. Yet the flames which have consumed palaces and cottages and libraries, have left it unharmed. The eruptions of the volcano, have not buried it, and the more terrible devastations of the Barbarian, have not destroyed it. The siege and sacking and utter desolation of the capital and the scattering to the utmost ends of the earth, of the nation to whom it was committed, defaced not one of its features. The temple was destroyed, but the laws written upon its tables, were not abrogated or erased. The Cross is the essence and emblem of the record; and while all around the place where it was erected, perished, that record, in all its perfection, was protected. Whether it be true or not that the ΤΟΤΤΩ NIKA was written over that ensign in letters of fire upon the heavens, and conducted the first Christian emperour to victory, it is true that the doctrines of this book, were planted by the Throne, and extended wide as the empire of the Cæsars; and yet, when that empire fell and expired beneath the scourge of the Northern hordes and the scimitar of the Mahomedan, this book with its text and doctrines, continued to live; its energies were renewed and it is still the same as when Constantine became its advocate. It has passed through times, of literary, and moral, darkness as well as light,—of barbarism as well as civilization—through periods of enmity, as well as friendship to its contents—and crossed that oblivious gulf which separates the modern from the ancient literary world, and where lies covered up, forever, much of the literature and science of the nations. Other books have perished when there was no hostility to their doctrines; this has survived when the arm of power, was stretched out, and every human passion exerted for its destruction."

In the conclusion of his remarks upon this point, our orator—referring to the difficulties encountered in preserving the purity of the *text* of even modern writings—makes the

following striking comparison between this guide of the Christian and what might, in no feeling of disrespect and ridicule, be called the bible of the *Tragedian*:

"It is not yet two centuries and a half, since Romeo and Juliet, and Richard the II. and III. (Shakespeare's first plays, of whose date we have certain knowledge) were written; and, yet, Warburton and Farmer, Hamner and Rowe, Pope and Theobold, Upton and Grey, Stevens, and—more than all—Johnson, have devoted years of labour to restore his text and tell us what he did write. Why has it required, comparatively, so little to restore and preserve the purity of this volume, which is so much older and has encountered so much greater trials? Why was it that the Jews, to whom 'the law and the prophets' were first committed, should have manifested such diligence, when it was transcribed or copied, that they even copied the number of letters, and compared and recorded them? Why has it come down through centuries, when all else had been subject to alteration and change and destruction? The only answer which even Infidelity can reasonably give, is to be found in the writing itself; and in the guardianship of its own all-powerful Author, who has protected it by his providence, and shielded it by the *terrible denunciation* with which it closes, against him, who shall add to, or take away from, 'the words of the prophecy'—'God shall take away his part out of the Book of Life.'"

Mr. Southard, seemingly animated with the feelings of the inspired writers themselves, becomes, now, touchingly pathetic. His thoughts seem to have been borne along on a current of feeling, that becomes deeper and wider as it rolls along. As if pondering on the probable destinies of the crowd of youth before him and the *necessity* of a study of the principles of Christianity, in order to render them useful in coming time, he asks them:—

"Have you no desire to become thoroughly conversant with so *remarkable a work*? To learn by a study of its contents why it should have been thus protected and preserved? If some literary relick of an ancient genius, were dug up from the ruins of Herculaneum or Pompeii, your curiosity would be excited, and you would labour at its pages with assiduity and zeal. Here is a *Book older and better preserved* than any which the lava of Vesuvius or Etna, ever entombed, and containing more and *better learning* than all the literature and philosophy of the ancient world, combined. *Will you not read, examine, and study it?*"

We have added the italicisms above, because the questions are of the deepest importance. Certainly, all who had the pleasure of hearing them proposed by the animating voice, and with all the elegance of gesture that must have accompanied

them, were prepared by a conviction of their importance, to reply—we will “read, examine and *study*, such a remarkable, such an *indispensable* volume!” We would for the happiness of our Republic, that *all* the youth in our wide-spread country, had been congregated in one vast assemblage, to hear these irresistible arguments in support of the *authenticity*, the inspiration, and the illimitable value, of the Scriptures. They must have been sufficient to cast the scarlet mantle of shame, over the face of every would-be-infidel student that chanced to be present; if any were there. If, indeed, there be one object more calculated than another to generate in the bosom of the patriot and Christian, commingled emotions of pity and disdain; that object is one of those conceited, infidel, coxcombs, we have heard belching forth the *most shameful denunciations* of those pages they have never read, to the delight of scoffing college-companions, and the pain of less reckless friends!

Alas for such! they will feel the want of Christian principles in manhood’s days; and when they are elevated to high stations in the service of their country, with the continuation of their boasting scepticisms—as is too frequently the case with many—the influence of their example, will be baneful wherever felt. It will be seen in the national councils where they act their part, or the private circles in which they move. Of such, no doubt, Mr. Southard thought, as he dwelt, with such earnestness, upon the importance of biblical study. Passing over many pages of useful, nay, enchanting, thoughts, in which the history of the bible is ably traced—the remarkable *agreement* in substance of facts as stated by the various inspired pensmen—the style employed by each—their residence and occupation &c.—are all eloquently set forth; we next introduce some remarks upon the Bible as a model of pure Anglo-Saxon style:—

“The Bible is in this respect, a *literary curiosity*, and a fit study for you as American scholars, who must use that (the Anglo-saxon) language, to communicate to your fellow-men, the knowledge you may acquire. \* \* \* \* \*

Our Anglo-saxon is plain, strong, beautifully simple, and admirably suited to the true character of the race of which you form a part; and the more purely you speak and write it, the more efficient you will become as writers, and speakers. Examples living and dead support this remark. Swift, Hall, Marshall and Madison, will be read and admired when the lengthened exotics of others, shall have found their appropriate position, as evidences of false taste and want of judgment. And, if I may be permitted without offence to any, to suggest a comparison between living scholars and orators, take Webster distinguished among the senators of his

own country, and Brougham, the first in genius and capacity in the British House of Lords. They are equals perhaps, in the higher qualities of intellect; yet every sound scholar will give preference to the former, in the style and power with which his argument is exhibited. \* \* \* \*

"The study of the Bible, is an efficient means of acquiring correct language and style; not studying to borrow its phrases to quote on all occasions, its inimitable passages—a practice which savours little of good taste or reverential feeling—but studying it, to become imbued with its simplicity and force and elevation. Its unaffected narrative, unadorned pathos, pointed invective, picturesque and graphic description—plain, yet magnificent, energy—cannot be thoroughly comprehended, without appropriate effects upon your taste and judgment. \* \* \* \*

There is cause, I think, to rebuke those who have written and lectured on style and composition, that among the authors and books recommended, the *Bible* is seldom pressed upon the consideration of the student. There is no one superior to it, in examples suited to correct and discipline the taste. There are no works of human genius containing finer passages. Search the volumes of fiction, of poetry and eloquence, and produce the passages most justly admired, and their equals and superiors may be readily found in this work. Herodotus and Xenophon do not surpass it, in the simplicity and beauty of their narrative, nor Homer in the splendour and sublimity of his descriptions."

We were particularly struck in perusing the foregoing beautiful passages, with the faithful *employment* of the very simplicity and purity of English style the orator recommends so warmly to others. However much we admire the style of Mr. Webster in this respect, and yield to him the palm of distinction to which he is so eminently entitled; yet Mr. Southard must permit the declaration, on our part, that what he awards his co-temporary, is due to himself. In after days, in the list of statesmen who have become justly distinguished for their services in the councils of the nation—and of these each clashing political party can boast not a few—or for the purity and beauty of their language, the names of Southard and Webster will be found side by side. But we hasten to lay before the reader, an extract or two, from this admirable production, calculated to demonstrate most clearly, the utter folly of those high mental attainments whose application is directed by *skeptical*, instead of correct, moral principles.

"I might readily exhibit before you a multitude of other examples of sentiment and style, but I must hasten to another aspect of my subject. Knowledge, and the capacity to communicate it in the most perfect manner, will avail little in establishing a desirable reputation as scholars, unless they are used to support those *moral* and social principles on which the happiness of yourselves and society depends. Knowledge of every kind, I admit, even that of

figures, is calculated to soften the mind, and tends to link man with his fellows; and of itself, therefore, ought to prevent the commission of crime. And yet, it is true, that it is not always beneficial, and that "high mental attainments are no adequate security against moral debasement." The Duke of Wharton; Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; Villers, Duke of Buckingham, and Mirabeau, were, in their days, distinguished by wit and taste and learning and knowledge; and they were not less distinguished by extravagance, revelry, lawless passions, and a disregard of moral and social virtue. *High attainments are tremendous engines for the working out of good or evil. If not directed by correct and safe principles, they are "terrible weapons" of ill. The educated rogue, or infidel, is but the more dangerous man."*

Did ever truth appear more self-evident? Was ever the expression of thoughts more forcible than that we have quoted above? None could be more forcible, none more striking, and better calculated to illustrate the importance of the study of the Bible as a school or college book. But here follows the sad picture, in which these truths stand forth in living, acting reality, in our own country and our own times, Let every reader view it closely: it well deserves his attention. It is drawn by no untried pencil—no youthful hand.

"There is a tendency in the elucidation of the age—it may almost be called its characteristic—to overlook the importance, the indispensable necessity, of laying correct social and moral principles at the foundation of all instruction. The object seems to be to teach the scholar, so that he may secure temporary success, and run with the speed of the locomotive, the career of wealth and popular applause. The wonderful mechanical inventions of the day, and the entire revolutions that have taken place in the business and employments of society, seem to *have bewildered the common sense of mankind*; and we are in danger of becoming not a moral and social, but a selfish and mechanical race. I do not regret, but rejoice in this progress; because I hope it will be made to subserve the permanent interests and happiness of man. But I do not desire to see the discoveries of FULTON and ARKWRIGHT, and other inventors, exclude that instruction which rests on doctrines that are the essence of all safe knowledge, and are not merely of temporal, but ETERNAL duration."

We pass over a large number of pages whose brilliant light of eloquence seems to flash still more brightly, as each leaf is turned, and to encircle us with a halo of glowing splendour; and we, now, give the speaker's concluding remarks. Referring to the principles that directed the lives of Luther and Calvin and their compeers, and the Puritans and Protestants of England, and the Huguenots of France, he says:

"Be you imitators of them. Make your scholarship subservient

to the support of the same unchanging principles. They are as necessary, now, as they ever were, to the salvation of your country and all that is dear to your hopes. The world is yet to be proselyted to them: *Religion and Liberty must go hand in hand*, or America cannot be established; the bondage of the European man broken, Africa enlightened, and Asia regenerated. And even here we are not without peril. Look abroad; are not the pillars of our edifice shaken? Is not law disregarded? Are not moral and social principles weakened? Are not the wretched advocates of infidelity busy? The sun has, indeed, risen upon our mountain tops, but it has not yet scattered the damps and the darkness of our vallies.—The passions are roused and misled; ancient institutions are scorned; *our refuge is in the firm purposes of educated and moral men*. Draw, then, your rules of action, from the only safe authority. Hang your banner on their outer wall. Stand by them in trial or in triumph. Dare to maintain them in every position and in every vicissitude; and make your appeal to the source from which they are drawn. Then, come what may, contempt or fame, you cannot fall; and your progress, at every step, will be greeted by the benedictions of the wise and good—*SALVETE—SALVETE.*"

We are sensible that more space has been devoted to this review than is usually bestowed on such productions. Our apology is, that we deem the subject of more than ordinary import; whilst it is treated with unusual ability and zeal. Its perusal has prompted the wish, that there were far more SOUTHARDS in the legislative halls of our country. With such firm and well enlightened advocates, Christianity will be assailed in vain by her opposers—her power may be for a time, weakened, but never destroyed. And under the care of such guardians, *Liberty* will have little cause for alarm. Like many a giant oak of the forest, it will bid defiance to every storm of infidelity. Its strong and wide stretched limbs may, for a moment, bend to the fury of the sweeping blast; but they will soon spring back to their heaven-pointing position, with scarce a leaf ruffled by the storm. Nor will *Christianity* herself, be injured by the waves of *infidelity*, whilst she enjoys such protections, though they may beat with fury against her walls. Like the billows of the angry ocean, when they dash, in terrific madness, against the rock-ribbed shore, these will roll back, but to break into harmless foam.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*How Shall I Govern My School? Addressed to young teachers, and also adapted to assist parents in family government; by E. C. WINES. W. Marshall & Co., 1838.*

THIS is an excellent book on school-discipline, and is worthy of the attention of all interested in the subject of education. Teachers and parents may alike receive from it many useful hints upon duties connected with their stations, and should give it an attentive perusal.

It is generally admitted that the lot of the teacher is one of toil, and of compensation inadequate to its importance—

"*Nec prosunt domino quæ prosunt omnibus artes!*"

which in *free* English means, that the community derives more advantage than the **MASTER** from his accomplishments; yet his condition is not meliorated, as it should be, in an intelligent community.

Among the grievances of the profession of a teacher, the author especially designates the trifling pecuniary reward which instructors receive, the deprivation of due rank which they suffer, and the difficulties of commanding the respect of children, when parents themselves by their conduct and conversation encourage the very reverse. He trusts, however, to enlightened public opinion for a removal of the injustice. It may surely be regarded as unfair that when men devoting two or three years to the study of medicine or law receive with their diplomas a passport to the best society, the teacher, who has spent half a lifetime in mental improvement, does not enjoy the same privileges. I presume it will not be contended that the avocations of the two former, are more necessary or important than that of the latter. A healthy state of morals (which mainly depends upon education) is not less desirable than health of body—obliquity of mind is more to be dreaded than distortion of limb—and the *mal-practice* of the moral quack more deleterious than that of the medical empirick. The man of the world, too, in a mind properly improved by education has a better guarantee for the understanding of his rights and privileges, and the security and accumulation of property, than in the knowledge of the most learned civilian,

"wig toga and all." Education never will be on a respectable basis in this country until it become one of the learned professions—not in the estimation of the few who regard it in the proper light, but by direct legislative enactment. In other countries, despotic and monarchical, where the people have little, if any, agency in the affairs of government—education is under the control and enjoys the patronage of, the reigning power—but in this country where *the people are the Government*; and where the well-being and even continuance of our institutions, depend upon enlightened public sentiment, while upon everything else there is an excess of legislation, there is no *bureau* whatever charged even with inquiries respecting it, much less the direction of it.

No system of instruction in the country will be found to be efficient until education is placed under the control of the government, and schools established by different grades, suited to the wants of the people; from the elementary school up to the university—with teachers educated immediately for the profession, licensed by a board of education, and paid out of the common fund—to the exclusion of all other schools, and all other teachers. This would rid the country of educational quacks, establish instruction on a firm basis, and in elevating the characters of the system, elevate all, and every thing connected with education. We subjoin a few extracts from the work:—

"The obligations enumerated above, as they are peculiar and appropriate to the profession, though they mark the laborious nature of the teacher's occupation, cannot be properly considered grievances, and do not therefore afford any just ground of complaint. They are undoubtedly the source of much perplexing anxiety, exhausting labour, and vexatious embarrassment; but if they were the only or the principal causes of trouble to the schoolmaster, he would have great occasion for rejoicing. His sorest vexations, and the greatest trials of his patience, spring from a different source,—the officious interference and dictation of parents and other relations of the pupils. Far be it from me to blame the anxiety of a parent in reference to the education of his children. It is not only excusable in him, but it is his duty, to look narrowly into their progress, and if this is not such as to satisfy him, to examine into the causes of its slowness. When this is done in a becoming spirit and manner, the teacher has no reasonable ground of offence, but, on the contrary, he will rejoice in the opportunity of explanations, probably every way desirable for all the parties concerned.

"This is not what I blame. My complaint is aimed against a practice, not more humiliating to the teacher, than it is prejudicial to the pupil's progress in knowledge and virtue. Parents often entertain feelings of distrust and contempt towards those to whom, nevertheless, they are willing to commit the dearest interests of

their offspring. It were well if these sentiments were confined to their own breasts. But this is seldom the case. 'They generally communicate them to their children, and thus provide additional vexations for their teachers. Instead of impressing on the minds of their offspring that reverence for the preceptor, which should give weight to his advice, and efficacy to his instructions, they teach them to despise his authority, by allowing an appeal from it to themselves; they encourage the pupil to sit in judgment on his teacher, and to make a report of his diligence, his temper, his talents, and his whole conduct in school.' This is as injurious to the scholar, as it is insulting and mortifying to the master. Nevertheless, there are multitudes in the constant habit of speaking contemptuously in the presence of their children, of those whom they have employed to be their instructors, and of catechizing them in the manner here indicated. I do not say that all parents do it, or even the majority; but it is done by numbers, and that teacher may esteem himself as singularly fortunate, who has been, even for the brief space of a few months, engaged in the business of instruction without personal experience of the disposition upon which we are animadverting.

"It is surprising how often parents mistake the real dispositions and talents of their children, and how frequently they are ignorant of their true habits. Every teacher, who has been for many years in the profession, could reveal astonishing facts in illustration of this point.

"These errors are unfortunate in every respect, but their effects fall with peculiar weight upon the poor schoolmaster. They give rise to unreasonable expectations, and when it is found that the improvement of the child does not tally with the ill-founded opinions of the father or mother, parental partiality, the source of the first error, now commits the second of ascribing the defect, not to any want of talents in their son or daughter, but to the negligence, mismanagement, or inability of the teacher. 'The father is too often inclined to proceed with something of the spirit and impetuosity of the ancient philosopher, who, when he found the pupil illiterate, without further inquiry chastised the preceptor.' Whenever this is the case, you may expect to be overwhelmed with reproaches, which it is of course impossible to prevent by removing the cause, the mental imbecility of your pupil, and which you will not be likely to diminish, either in number or pointedness, by an unvarnished statement of the truth respecting the child in question.

"Another thing to which you must make up your mind to submit, if you become a teacher, is an unjust depreciation of your merit by the public generally, and a most unreasonable degradation from your proper rank in society. Most men are agreed that the office of a teacher is one of great utility, and they will even allow that to exercise it properly requires powers and attainments of a high order; but it will not be asserted that it is held in proportional esteem. The fact is far otherwise. The title of schoolmaster, which ought to be an honour to any man, and which I believe in God will one day become so, now rests like an incubus on those who wear it. Parents do not hesitate to entrust the intellectual

and moral education of their offspring to men whom they will not admit into their drawing-rooms, except perhaps occasionally by sufferance, and as an act of special condescension. The consequence of this general and extraordinary exclusion of teachers from the best circles of society, as impolitic as it is unjust, has been to inundate the profession with quacks, pretenders, ignoramuses, and adventurers of every grade. Whatever disadvantages or drawbacks may be connected with the other professions, this one source of consolation at least is common to them all, that their members, if there is nothing in their characters to prevent it, are considered as on a footing of equality with the best of their fellow-citizens. But the teacher, as such, is not held to be entitled to respect. On the contrary, to be a schoolmaster is to be despised, ridiculed, sneered at, and either entirely shut out of respectable society, or barely tolerated there, as something little short of a positive nuisance. It has been said, with equal truth and beauty, that the general idea of a schoolmaster seems to be that of an humble drudge in the garden of knowledge; who digs the soil, and trains the plants, indeed; but who cannot taste the beauty, or understand the value of the flowers and fruits. Notwithstanding this low estimate in which the instructors of our children, as a class, are held, they are expected to possess qualities and qualifications such as rarely fall to the lot of humanity.

"If we consult the sentiments and conduct of the less intelligent and less liberal part of the community, it will appear that the master of a school is required to possess, like the hero of a romance, not only talents and virtues above the ordinary endowments of humanity, but such contrarieties of excellence as seem incompatible with each other. He is required to possess spirit enough to govern the most refractory of his pupils, and meanness enough to submit to the perpetual interference of their friends; such delicacy of taste as may enable him to instruct his scholars in the elegancies of letters, and robust strength enough to bear without fatigue the most incessant exertions; skill adequate to the performance of his task, and patience to be instructed how to perform it. He is required to have judgment enough to determine the most proper studies for his pupils, and complaisance at all times to submit his own opinion to the opinions of those who have employed him; moral principle sufficient to ensure on all occasions the faithful discharge of his duties, and forbearance to hear those principles continually suspected, and his diligence and fidelity called in question. It is expected that he will feel the conscious dignity which science confers upon its possessor, and yet descend without reluctance to teach infants their alphabet; that he shall be daily exposed to the severest trials of temper, but neither require nor be allowed any indulgence for its occasional excesses; and that he be able to secure all the good effects of discipline, without the use of the only means that ever yet procured them."

The author announces a work addressed to school children, which cannot fail to be useful, if as ably executed as the one which we have examined.

*Harper's Family Library, No. 74. Turner's Sacred History of the World, vol. iii.*

THE Family Library is a collection of compositions selected with great discrimination, and eminently fitted for the diffusion of knowledge among the great mass of the people. The moderate price at which the publication is afforded insures to it a wide circulation and the consequent spread of information, taste and virtue.

While the selections are judicious, however, it is to be regretted that the Library is not more American in its character. The only volumes by our own writers are Thatcher's Indian Lives, and the Life of Washington by Paulding, and these are not works of great merit. Mr. Paulding, although successful in light Literature, is not well fitted for biographical and historical writing. Silliman, Sparks, Bancroft, Prescott, Irving, Flint, Hall and others should furnish works for the Library; and we trust may be induced to do so.

Volume 74 is the last of the Sacred History by Turner, and continues in an able manner the illustration of the subject which he had undertaken, vindicating the **WAYS OF GOD TO MAN**, in his government of the world in opposition to pseudo philosophy and skepticism. The writer, now at the age of "three score and ten," contemplates a survey of ancient history from the Babylonish captivity to Christ, should life and strength permit.

*Fireside Education.* By the Author of **PETER PARLEY'S TALES**, pp. 396. New-York: F. J. Huntington.

PERHAPS, no volume ever issued from the American press, of greater practical utility, than Fireside Education.

It takes up the subject of instruction at home, the proper place of commencement, and shows the necessity of subjecting the young and placid mind, there, to proper influences, in order that it may be fitted for intercourse with the world. "If the fountain be pure, the streams will be pure also." The author treats his subject in an able manner and inculcates physical, intellectual and moral culture, according to the true philosophy of our nature. We will notice the work in detail hereafter, and in the meantime earnestly recommend the perusal of it to all those interested in the nurture of youth.

"As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some un-

happy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if in pain, she relieves it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is its heaven. The mother is the **DEITY OF INFANCY!**

"Now reflect a moment upon the impressible, the susceptible character of this little being, and consider the power of this mother in shaping the fine clay that is entrusted to her hands. Consider with what authority, with what effect, one so loved, so reverenced, so adored, may speak!

"Thus, in the budding spring of life, infancy is the special charge, and subject to the special influence, of the mother. But it soon advances to childhood. Hitherto, it has been a creature of feeling; it now becomes a being of thought. The intellectual eye opens upon the world. It looks abroad, and imagination spreads its fairy wing. Every thing is beautiful, every thing is wonderful. Curiosity is perpetually alive, and questions come thick and fast to the lisping lips. What is this? Who made it? How? When? Wherefore? These are the eager interrogations of childhood. At this period, the child usually becomes fond of the society of his father. He can answer his questions. He can unfold the mysteries which excite the wonder of the childish intellect. He can tell him tales of what he has seen, and lead the child forth in the path of knowledge. The great characteristic of this period of life is an eager desire to obtain new ideas. New ideas to a child, are bright as gold to the miser or gems to a fair lady. The mind of childhood is constantly beset with hunger and thirst for knowledge. It appeals to the father, for he can gratify these burning desires.

"How naturally does such a relation beget, in the child, both affection and reverence! He sees love in the eyes of the father, he hears it in the tones of his voice; and the echo of the young heart gives back love for love. He discovers, too, that his father has knowledge, which to him is wonderful. He can tell why the candle goes out, and though he may not be able to satisfy the child where the beautiful flame is gone, he can at least explain *why* it has vanished, and how it may be recalled. He can tell why the fire burns, why the stream flows, why the trees bow in the breeze. He can tell where the rain comes from, and unfold the mysteries of the clouds. He can explain the forked lightning and the rolling thunder. He can unravel the mighty mystery of the sun, the moon, and the stars. He can point beyond to that Omnipotent Being who in goodness and wisdom has made them all.

"What a sentiment, compounded of love and reverence towards the father, is thus engendered in the bosom of the child! What a power to instruct, to cultivate, to mould that gentle being is thus put into the hands of this parent! How powerful is admonition from his lips, how authoritatative his example! The father is the **DEITY OF CHILDHOOD.** The feeling of the child towards the father is the begining of that sentiment, which expands with the expanding intellect, and, rising to heaven on the wing of faith, bows in love and reverence before the Great Parent of the universe.

"Let us go forward to the period of youth. The mother holds the reins of the soul; the father sways the dominion of the intellect. I do not affirm that there is an exact or complete division of empire between the parents. Both exert a powerful influence over the mind and heart. I mean only to state generally that the natural power of the mother is exercised rather over the affections, and that of the father over the mind. It is a blended sway, and if exerted in unison it has the force of destiny. There may be cases in which children may seem to set parental authority at defiance; but these instances, if they actually occur, are rare, and may be regarded as exceptions, which are said to prove the rule. Remember the im-pressible character of youth, and consider its relation to the parent. Is not the one like the fused metal, and has not the other the power to impress upon it an image ineffaceable as the die upon steel? Nay, is it not matter of fact, attested by familiar observation, that children come forth from the hands of their parents stamped with a character that seldom deserts them in after life? Are they not impressed with manners, tastes, habits and opinions, which circumstances may modify, but never efface? If the countenance of the child often bears the semblance of the father or mother, do we not still more frequently discover in the offspring the moral impress of the parent?

"Is it not true, then, that parents are the law-givers of their chil-dren? Does not a mother's counsel, does not a father's example, cling to the memory, and haunt us through life? Do we not often find ourselves subject to habitual trains of thought, and if we seek to discover the origin of these, are we not insensibly led back, by some beaten and familiar track, to the paternal threshold? Do we not often discover some home-chiseled grooves in our minds, into which the intellectual machinery seems to slide as by a sort of ne-cessity? Is it not, in short, a proverbial truth that the controlling lessons of life are given beneath the parental roof? I know, indeed, that wayward passions spring up in early life, and, urging us to set authority at defiance, seek to obtain the mastery of the heart. But, though struggling for liberty and license, the child is shaped and moulded by the parent. The stream that bursts from the fountain and seem to rush forward head-long and self-willed, still turns hither and thither, according to the shape of its mother earth over which it flows. If an obstacle is thrown across its path, it gathers strength, breaks away the barrier, and again bounds forward. It turns, and winds, and proceeds on its course, till it reaches its des-tiny in the sea. But in all this, it has shaped its course and fol-lowed out its career, from bubbling infancy at the fountain to its termination in the great reservoir of waters, according to the chan-nel which its parent earth has provided. Such is the influence of a parent over his child. It has within itself a will, and at its bid-ding it goes forward; but the parent marks out its track. He may not stop its progress, but he may guide its course. He may not throw a dam across its path, and say to it, hitherto mayest thou go, and no farther; but he may turn it through safe, and gentle, and useful courses, or he may leave it to plunge over wild cataracts, or lose itself in some sandy desert, or collect its strength in a torrent, but to spread ruin and desolation along its borders.

"The fireside, then, is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and colour to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory. But the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay."

*The Poetry of Travelling in the United States.* By CAROLINE GILMAN, pp. 430. New-York, S. Colman.

MRS. GILMAN is an easy and pleasant writer; and has given sketchy and graceful outlines of the places she visited in her Northern excursion. The Poetry and patriotism of the writer alike commend themselves to the reader.

*A Poem pronounced before the Ciceronian Club and other Citizens of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, July 4, 1838.* By ALEXANDER B. MEEK, Esq.

LIKE most productions of the 4th, this Poem bears evidence of great haste in composition, and consequently has many defects. The author is a man of intellect, but does not appear to be much used to composing. His style is rather inflated and verbose and lacks expressiveness from the very excess of language and figure. He has selected blank verse, also, which is unusual for a poem to be delivered on an occasion of the kind. The versification of the Address of Adams evinces still less taste. The patriotic sentiments of the poem, however commend themselves to every lover of his country and the Apostrophe to the South is very spirited and beautiful.

## I.

Land of the South!—imperial land!—  
 How proud thy mountains rise,—  
 How sweet thy scenes on every hand,—  
 How fair thy covering skies!  
 But not for this,—oh, not for these,  
 I love thy fields to roam,—  
 Thou hast a dearer spell to me,—  
 Thou art my native home!

## II. \*

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,  
 Unequalled to the sea,—  
 Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,  
 And green with verdure be!  
 But not for thy proud ocean streams.  
 Not for thine azure doom,—  
 Sweet, sunny South!—I cling to thee,—  
 Thou art my native home!

## III.

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,  
 Beloved of tale and song,—  
 On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,  
 Where nature's wonders throng;  
 By Tempe's classic sunlit streams,  
 Where Gods, of old, did roam,—  
 But ne'er have found so fair a land  
 As thou—my native home!

## IV.

And thou hast prouder glories too,—  
 Than nature ever gave,—  
 Peace sheds o'er thee, her genial dew,  
 And Freedom's pinions wave,—  
 Fair science flings her pearls around,  
 Religion lifts her dome,  
 These, these endear thee, to my heart,—  
 My own, loved native home!

## V.

And “heaven's best gift to man” is thine,—  
 God bless thy rosy girls!—  
 Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine,—  
 Their hearts are pure as pearls!  
 And grace and goodness circle them,  
 Where'er their footsteps roam,  
 How can I then, whilst loving them,  
 Not love my native home!

## VI.

Land of the South!—imperial land!—  
 Then here's a health to thee,—  
 Long as thy mountain barriers stand,  
 May'st thou be blest and free!—  
 May dark dissension's banner ne'er  
 Wave o'er thy fertile loam,—  
 But should it come, there's one will die,  
 To save his native home!

*Simple Sketches.* By the Rev. JOHN TODD, edited by J. Brace, Jr. Northampton: J. H. Butler; Philadelphia: W. Marshall & Co., 1838.

SELECTED by the editor from contributions to different periodicals, by permission of the author, but without his revision, this little volume is given to the reader. Although not calculated to enhance the literary reputation of the author of *The Student's Manual*, and *Index Rerum*, yet as "Sketches" of incidents of real occurrence they will be read with interest, while the moral tone of the whole is salutary. The best articles are *True Heroism*, *The Twins*, *The Evening Walk*, and *The Pastor's Funeral*. There are in the volume some poetical trifles. In the *Mother's Tears*—the simple yet delicate beauty of the concluding *stanzas* will please the reader of true taste.

*Travels in Europe, viz. in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany and the Netherlands.* By WILBUR FISK, D. D. pp. 688, New-York: Harper & Brothers.

IN the preface to *TRAVELS IN EUROPE*, Dr. Fisk remarks that "every writer has his own circles of association to which his personal or public influence may be extended;" but under the impression that his circle is narrower than it is, he has limited the utility of his work, by recording such events and reflections, as are calculated rather for his own immediate religious association than the great class of readers. The object of travel ought to be, to diffuse information among all orders of the community, in a spirit adapted to the general reader: and in taking up a book of *Travels* by one of our countrymen, we expect that the sectary or partisan will, for the time being, be merged in the American and that his writings will be adapted to the different classes, religious and political of our great domain—in a word, that they shall be *national*.

Upon most subjects the author of *Travels in Europe*, will, in general, be found satisfactory, though in some things unnecessarily prolix, and in others not sufficiently diffuse. In all matters appertaining to education he will be read with interest. On the subject of the Fine Arts, he does not appear to be a *connoisseur*, but despatches some of the finest *chef d' œuvres* of art by a dash of the pen. Of the *Laocoön* for instance, of which there is a notice in the present number, he simply says "Its painful beauties cannot be described." The *non-committal*, may sometimes effectually commit.

The description of places, and historical references are in the general correct; but it is to be regretted that Dr. Fisk, a man of undoubted piety and learning, should have fallen into the great error of the day, by indulging in sentiments harsh and uncharitable, towards a different sect of christians—I mean the Catholics. Amid the war of politics, and the struggles of factions for power, that have convulsed our land, and almost rent asunder the bands of social life, the meek followers of the Redeemer should live together in the unity of the spirit; and the ministry of reconciliation should pour the soothing oil of their influence upon the excited waves of strife and commotion. It is our opinion that while all religious strife and vituperation indulged in, by different persuasions, against each other, have a direct tendency to injure the cause of Religion with non-professors, and increase infidelity among us; that the common consent with which christians of all denominations have buried their animosities against each other and united against the Church in question, is in a peculiar manner subversive of the interests of religion—in direct violation of the great command of **LOVE**, and utterly repugnant to the enlightened and benevolent spirit of the age.

We yield to no one, in a firm adherence to the Protestant faith, but at the same time are anxious that all shall enjoy like freedom of opinion with ourselves; and regarding it as a means of the spread of the Gospel, that there be different sects and denominations, to suit the varied minds of men, feel solicitous that all of every creed shall be permitted without public molestation or sectarian decrinal to worship God in a manner conformable to their own views.

We had prepared a lengthy review of this work which was excluded from the present number by a press of other matter. It is well gotten up and contains several engravings. That of the Bay of Naples is very clever.

## AMERICAN MUSEUM.

The American Museum of Literature and the Arts, will combine the solidity of a review with the lighter miscellany of a magazine; besides impartial reviews of important works and short notices of minor literary productions by the editors, it will embrace essays, tales, historiettes, poetry, literary and scientific intelligence, and translations from standard and periodical works in other languages, contributed by some of the ablest writers of the day.

The Magazine will also contain a series of reviews of such writers as have, by their talents shed lustre upon American literature. These reviews will be accompanied by portraits of the authors, engraved on steel by the best artists. The work will be beautifully printed, with new type, upon fine paper, and will make two volumes each year, of more than 500 pages each.

Agencies will be established in the principal cities, and arrangements made to deliver the work free of postage. As the Museum is printed on a medium and a-half sheet, the highest postage that can be charged to any part of the country, for one year, will be \$1.05 cents. Persons desirous of acting as agents, will please apply post paid. Terms, \$5 per annum, payable on the delivery of the first number—5 copies \$20.

NATHAN C. BROOKS,  
J. E. SNODGRASS,  
*Editors and Proprietors.*

Editors favorable to the cause of literature, and desirous of an exchange, will please copy the above.

**OUR FIRST VOLUME.**—As the unavoidable delays connected with the issue of any new work, will prevent our making six issues within the present year, we purpose completing our first volume by issuing four numbers of extraordinary size, so that our subscribers will lose nothing in the amount of reading afforded them. The work, for a short time, will be issued on the last of the month. The present number is not to be considered a fair specimen of what we intend the work to be. We purpose giving more of solid matter; and shall curtail, to some extent, the amount of poetry.

**NATIONAL LITERATURE.**—We will commence in our next number a series of excellent articles upon national literature.

**THE POLYGLOT CLUB.**—There is much truth in the words of the wise man “There is nothing new under the sun;” but while we were disposed to apply it in a particular to authors, who will borrow a little, we did not expect that any would be found guilty of wholesale cribbing. The researches of the Polyglot Club, however, serve to show that many popular poets have been palming *translations* upon the people as *original* articles; and at this moment there lies before us a popular song, which has been traced back to authors in seven different languages who have stolen successively from each other. We shall give the whole in our next number, and in the meantime request that our learned professors of different languages ransack their musty volumes to see if they can find in their respective tongues any of the precious *morceaux* of our poets. Their services will be acknowledged by a certificate of honorary membership in the Polyglot Club, and a place in the **FREE** list of their organ, the American Museum. Address the Polyglot Club, care of the editors of the Museum.

**CONTRIBUTIONS.**—As we design making the Museum a *national* work and not a *sectional* one, we invite contributors from every part of the country to assist in our literary enterprisie. For articles of sterling merit we will allow a reasonable compensation. Contributors will endorse their letters to insure attention.

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